

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 839.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi: in seasons of political excitement the cause of literature suffers. Our weekly list of new works, at a period when the press used to teem with whatever we had of the best productions of talent, science, and genius, is now generally stinted to two or three indifferent novels, some half-dozen of Nos. containing publications of little originality or value, a stray sermon now and then, five or six small volumes of poetical effata, as many school-books compiled on "new principles" to bring teachers into notice, and some odd miscellanies which fill us with wonder at the noble art of printing being applied to such matters. These, with a sprinkling of pamphlets on the topics of the day, the Church, Taxation, Negro-slavery, Poor-rates, Factories, India or Bank Charters, &c. &c., and, at the beginning of every month, a blush of Monthly Cyclopedias, Libraries, reprints, &c. constitute, with very few and far-between exceptions, the whole and sole fruitage of British literary exertion and enterprise. This is a melancholy contemplation; but yet, until the fever of politics is over, we can hope for very little improvement. Capitalists will not speculate upon the higher classes of mental labour; and men who might have adorned the republic of letters are turned, for want of a stimulus, into sorry dabblers in affairs of state, sputters, debaters, and quidnuncs.

Our sheet reflects the time: and we will run over a portion of the receipts of the last eight days, as they present themselves to us, and number our table.

The Mother's Friends, (Nos. 1 and 2, pp. 48. Seeley and Sons,) is a religious periodical, which, beginning with the birth of a child, puts together a great many pieces of advice to mothers, from various authorities.

The Children's Weekly Visitor, (Nos. 1 and 2, by the same,) is one of the usual compilations for leading children into the pleasing paths of instruction.

Shakespeare, with Illustrations, Vol. IV. (Valpy.) Another tome added to the series of this very neat edition.

Summer Flowers, by Charles Feist, (pp. 290, 18mo.) A nice little tome for the improvement of youth, for which we are indebted to Newmarket; and we are glad to see good indicated from a quarter where too much of vice is so frequently seen.

Metaphysical Inquiry, &c. into Ancient and Modern Philosophy, by I. P. Cory, Esq. (pp. 222, Pickering.) From the pen of the able and learned author of "Ancient Fragments of the Phoenician, Chaldean, &c. Writers" (see *Literary Gazette*, 795.) This is both an interesting and instructive essay. It may be considered to be an enlarged and improved edition of the appendix to the former valuable work.

Testimonials in favour of J. D. Forbes, &c. (pp. 72.) A pamphlet to prove that Mr. Forbes

was, by his merits, entitled to be elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; for which there has been considerable competition.

Bothway's Mechanical Naval Improvements, (3d edition, pp. 86, M. Staunton.) Mr. Bothway, a gunner in the Navy, has here described a number of inventions for promoting the welfare of his fellow-sailors. Like most of "his order," he complains of neglect.

Brief Memoir of Sir T. Gresham, (pp. 32, Rivingtons); and a sermon preached at his last commemoration, by the Rev. W. M. Blencowe; can hardly be expected to possess so much of novelty as to require criticism.

Seven Sermons on Cholera in the Parish of Sedgley, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone, (12mo. pp. 108.) Half medical, half divine, with an intermixture of miscellaneous matter, these discourses are short enough to satisfy the most impatient of hearers or readers.

Valpy's Family Classical Library, XXXVIII. The second vol. of Homer, concluding Pope's Iliad, and containing four books of the Odyssey.

Colton's Manual for Emigrants to America, (18mo. pp. 203. Westley and Davis.) A useful publication of its kind.

The Young Christian's Guide to Confirmation, by the Rev. T. Myers, (12mo. pp. 400. Roake and Varly.) A series of familiar lectures well adapted to their purpose.

Rudiments of the French Language, by L. M. Ventouillac. (pp. 172. S. Low.) M. Ventouillac has generally met our approbation; and his new book deserves it, as a useful guide for translating French into English,—a task which few, even among good linguists, can perform in a satisfactory style.

Hints to Young Officers on Military Law and on Courts Martial, by Captain F. V. Harcourt. (pp. 181. W. Houghton.) A very desirable volume, replete with practical information and judicious remarks. The recent variations in our military laws render it particularly expedient for officers to have such a work for reference and guidance.

Webbe's List of the Members of the House of Commons, &c. (Gardiner and Son.) An addition to the Royal Blue-Book, the want of which is almost daily felt.

Pleasing God; or, a Guide to the Conscientious, by Robert Philip. (pp. 216. 18mo.) A tract from the Book Society for promoting Religious Knowledge. It inculcates not only the fear of displeasing, but the desire of pleasing the Almighty. An amiable rule of action, pleasingly recommended.

Words of Truth, by the author of the "Well-spent Hour." (18mo. pp. 248. Simpkin and Marshall.) Stories, &c. for the young; well meant, good in its way, and many of the selections from other books interesting; but with nothing particular to demand our notice.

Scenes in North Wales; with Illustrations, &c. by G. N. Wright. (12mo. pp. 160. Tegg.) An amusing and pretty book, with some thirty or forty neat embellishments. It has cheapness rather than novelty to recommend it; but

its legends, historical notices, and biographical sketches, are nevertheless pleasant reading.

Plain Sermons, by a Country Clergyman. Vol. II. (12mo. pp. 304. J. Hearne.) Our praise of the first volume of these excellent discourses has been justified by a rapid sale of the edition; and we need only say that this sequel is worthy of the like popularity. The writer, we are informed, is the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Percival, a son of Lord Arden; but whether the son of a peer or peasant, such works do credit to the church of which he is a member, and honour to his own head and heart.

Fifty Scripture Illustrations of the Life of our Saviour, from Designs by the Old Masters. (London, S. Low.) These are a set of beautiful and interesting outlines, on square cards, engraved in copper, by A. W. Warren. They afford charming ideas of the great paintings from which they are taken; and, besides their elegance as productions of art, possess the yet more valuable merit of imprinting the wonderful scenes of the life of Jesus effectually upon the memory. They are accompanied by a very appropriate selection of texts and notices; and are, in our opinion, every way entitled to universal favour.

Dictionary of the English Language, greatly improved, &c. by G. Fulton and G. Knight. (Square: small. pp. 432. Edinburgh, Stirling and Kenney; London, Whittaker.) A simple and most useful book for schools and youth. The marks for pronunciation are much simplified, and the whole plan is good.

Elijah, by the author of "Balaam," and "Modern Fanaticism Unveiled." (pp. 235. Westley and Davis.) In order to inculcate fervour and stedfastness in the moral and religious character, the author has here drawn out a biographical sketch of the prophet Elijah; one of the most interesting of the inspired agents of Providence of whom we read in the Old Testament. It is altogether a well-written and extremely pleasing volume, likely to inspire a love of virtue, which is even superior to checking a disposition to vice.

Shepherd's Christian Encouragement and Consolation. (12mo. pp. 367. Whittaker.) The author, a man of sound sense and of extensive reading, has displayed both in this work, which must be read with much advantage by all classes of the intelligent and studious.

Old Friends with New Faces, Nos. 1 and 2. (London, Sherwood.) Here we have, on the other hand, a humorous publication, consisting of amusing and laughable caricatures, embodying, or rather misrepresenting, quotations from Shakespeare. Some of them are exceedingly droll.

Such are samples of the mass of our existing publishing system, to which we will now add a few of our poetical friends.

Edith of Graystock, by Eleanor M. (pp. 100. H. Lindsell.) Even our gallantry cannot induce us to speak of this poem, in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, as rising above the bounds of graceful feminae mediocritas.

Hours of Reverie, or the Musings of a Solitaire, by Louisa H. R. Coutier. (Pp. 103. Whittaker.)—Having encouraged the fair authoress for her French tale, *Le Montage de St. Litz*, we were curious to see how she expressed her thoughts in our language. Truth obliges us to say that the composition is very strange poetry, with very strange words, very strange rhythm, and very strange modes of phraseology. Yet there are many original ideas and comparisons.

"The ant,

Laden with one grain of sand, tolls equal
To the camel that bears his heavy load."

is a good comparison, for instance, though not poetically rendered. Again,

"The wisdom of experience is not wrought
Upon my brow,—but its descriptitude
Has stolen into my heart."

is better. So are the following :

"The goblet of illusion when 'tis quaffed,
Can ne'er again be filled."

Of clouds —

"So magnificent, grand
Their shape, they seemed the porticos to heaven."

Of feeling —

"I've tasted joy and woe, until they've lost
All taste unto the palate of my soul."

My soul has known no rest within her cage,
But, peaceless, dashed herself against its bars,
As freedom-loving bird, until o'ercome,
With bloody breast it fell."

Of truth —

"Truth's the word,
The sound we utter forth express that hour
Of bitterness that comes, when falls the veil
Of golden tissue, spread o'er human things."

These few lines will shew we were right in imputing talent to Miss Coutier; who indeed appears to be a sentimental enthusiast, vibrating between love and religion. Of her odd words, the oddest is the "miasma of the human heart," into which she tells us she has looked; and the annexed not un fanciful lines are proof of her peculiar poetry:

"An hour! On the still dial 't has traced its course
By shade; and in the ingenious mechanism
'T has ticked away:—reflection's hour has traced
Its shade asthwart my breast, and one hour more,
My heart has throb'd and ticked towards the grave."

Odes, Elegies, &c., by B. F. S. (Pp. 56. C. Chapple.) A youthful and humble attempt, by a young and uneducated man; ushered in by a modest and feeling preface. Under these circumstances they are deserving of praise, and their author of sympathy; but we cannot flatter him by saying that we see in them sufficient originality to incline us to advise his prosecuting the "idle trade," if it take him from more essential occupation. A facility of repeating thoughts acquired from many preceding poets, is too often mistaken for that genius which is all in all.

The Battle of Oblivion, &c. by D. W. Collier. (Pp. 68. T. Griffiths.)—Collier by name, and choler by nature, our aspirant is one of those youths who, on settling out in the world, fancy they know every thing better and see every thing clearer than older heads. This is, however, a venial folly and presumption, which a little time almost invariably cures; and if the writer has any stuff in him, he is not much the worse for having sown his wild oats in ignorance and flippancy. It is generally a source of future regret to himself: when he eats his wisdom teeth, he is sorry at having tried to bite with the gums of a child. Mr. Collier, it seems, is of Chelmsford; and we observe, from a loose paper which accompanies his volume, of what is often circulated as contemporary criticism, or the opinions of the press, that he is largely lauded in some provincial and also

London journals, as one likely to take his place in the "first rank of that talented set who won imperishable fame," &c. &c.; which, for his own sake, we earnestly hope he does not believe. We doubt not, but that with a proper estimate of himself, he may mend much; for at present his wit is not very bright, his allegory is not very clear, his intelligence is not very great, and his poetry is not very good. For example, when some empiric, we know not who, has spoken, we are told,

"The vanquish'd fled,

And hollow murmurs bellow'd round his head.
Like when subversive poors', from cave to cave,
In earth's dark bosom scoop a nation's grave;
Or bid the mountain whirl from sea to sea,
The wave-king tremble, and the mists flee:
So rold the deadly strife, and mid the flight
The shiek of quackery bled the troops of night."

which striking passage is to us not only bad language but stark nonsense. In the same page the writer does us the honour of bestowing a portion of his impertinence upon an individual of whom he can know nothing; and of whom he writes like the silly mocking-bird, which repents any strain (only he does it very indifferently), but has no note of its own. It is a pitiable fate.

The latter part of the volume is filled with "shadows of rhyme;" but they are worse than shadows, for they are deformities. Thus, one day when Mr. Collier, in his own nice style, tells us "my angle was lain idly by," he sang as follows of old maidis :

"Nay, come not nigh me: on thy putrid breath
There hangs the steam of pestilential death:
Die in your spleen, and at the resurrection
You stanch old maidis will form a fine collection:
Perhaps they'll make a paradise fit ye,—
Where you may go, and every one forget yo."

Yet such writing as this can quote a dozen of critical eulogiums: the bray of an ass must be musical to other asses.

Walker's Philidor on Chess (pp. 245. Whittaker).—We rank this new edition of Philidor, with great additions, among the poetical works; for it does contain superior numbers to the most of them. It is much improved, and must be acceptable to the amateurs of this captivating game.

Waverley Anecdotes (2 vols. 12mo. Cochrane and M'Crone).—We have already noticed this entertaining work as an agreeable companion to the *Waverley Novels*: it is now published complete, and justifies our good opinion.

When we refer to such a list as we have just gone through, it will, we think, be acknowledged that the publishing concerns of Great Britain are at a very low ebb. The cheap and trashy publications of the day have tended still more to depreciate what had fallen sufficiently before; and yet, under the cry for "diffusion of knowledge," i.e. an increase of the mediocre and injurious, and a diminution or total extinction of the elevating and improving, we are threatened with a literary reign of all that is impudent, base, unprincipled, ignorant, and irresponsible. We are very often consulted respecting works which would do honour to the country; but there is no encouragement for such—the market is occupied, and the public already debauched with floods of trumpery and deception. What will it be when there are no restraints; not only all Bedlam and Parnassus, but all Clerkenwell and Newgate broke out? How illustrious then will stand the literary glory of civilised England? *Squamus astanibus Hydris.*

Time's Telescope for 1838, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 416. London, Sherwood, and Co.

This much-esteemed and deservedly popular

volume ought to have been published two months since; but though late in the field in an *Annual*, its interesting contents amply (with the loss of an eighteenth portion, in regard to time, in the year) make up for the delay in its appearance.

Its predecessor of 1832 was justly considered the best of the series, and we have no hesitation in stating, that the present volume is not inferior in merit. *Time's Telescope* is a favourite with all; it has enjoyed an undiminished reputation during twenty years, and still produces attractions for every taste, amusements for every age, and a rich fund of delightful recreation. It is a suitable companion for the parlour, the study, and observatory; not like many of its class, to be read and laid aside, but a volume that may be resumed at any time, and whose interest, though marking the celestial and terrestrial phenomena of the current period, cannot be said to terminate with the expiration of the year.

We observe that an improvement occurs in the first division of the volume, *Remarkable Days*, by which a recapitulation of matter contained in former years is avoided; the space usually occupied by explanation of *Saints' Days*, is, without omitting necessary information, devoted to memoirs of distinguished persons who have died during the past year.

The *Astronomical Occurrences* are again written by Mr. J. T. Barker, who has enriched his division of the work by numerous biographical sketches, and anecdotes of eminent astronomers.

The *Notes of a Naturalist*, by Professor Remond, are interesting, and will afford matter for reflection to the student in the delightful walks of natural history.

The following extract is from the *Astronomical Occurrences*:

"The planets of the solar system, their glorious centre, the sun, and all the vast orbs of the universe, with their tributary worlds of diversified forms, different degrees of magnitude and splendour, of distance and velocity,—admirably adapted, from their celestial scenery, to be the abodes of adoring intelligences:—these radiant spheres, which thong in infinite profusion the ethereal spaces, do not exist as the result of blind chance, or a fortuitous concourse of atoms, but constitute a splendid temple raised by the skill, and for the good pleasure of the Almighty Creator.

His arm mightily put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine;
He rounded in his palm these spacious orbs,
And bowled them flaming through the dark profound,
And set the bosom of old night on fire!

An analogy and patient investigation have demonstrated these shining bodies to be worlds,—created worlds: but at what period they were created, and whether simultaneously or in succession, are inquiries which leave the mind bewildered; for as we cannot conceive of space, no more can we conceive of eternity. Should we essay the mysterious flight, and urge on our course to scan the vast profound, and mount our ascending way, through myriads and myriads of years that have expired,—though we should still find the object of our search so remote as to remain in dread obscurity, yet we should, comparatively, soon reach (though in an eternity of time) that period when all the orbs of immensity had a beginning. How minute a portion of this awful abyss, is that which commences with the first creations of the heavens! Still more minute that point of duration which we call

time! These periods, though comprehending their first creations and ultimate extinctions, dwindle into nothing when compared with the ever-rolling cycles of eternity! It is prodigious, wonderful, incomprehensible! The insect that flutters into existence as the setting sun sheds his departing beams, and goes through all the gradations of its little life, and dies ere the orb of day arises; the man who toils through his threescore years and ten, from the cradle to the grave; the system that bursts into primeval beauty, and continues through a prolonged series of thousands and thousands of years its revolutions, until a voice more powerful than that of the Jewish hero shall exclaim, "Stand still!" "Be dark!" — each of these, — the insect's life, the mortal's hand's breadth, the system's duration, — bear some proportion to each other when compared with time; but time is absolutely engulfed when compared with eternity! How beautiful the gradation and connexion in this ample field over which the Divinity expatiates! How wonderfully delicate the link which unites matter that is inanimate, to that which has perception, — that which is guided by instinct, to that which reasons. A minute grain of sand, glittering on the sea-shore, possesses in common with other matter, length, breadth, and thickness; it has the same properties of extension as a rock, a continent, a world, a sun, yes millions of suns rolling through immensity: yet each, and all, senseless matter, — as well the glorious sun as the minutest grain, and the microscopic atom. From this atom we again ascend through the various links which connect the stone with the vegetable, the vegetable through all its beauteous and odorous tribes, to the flower in which *sensation* is apparently indicated. A wider field then presents itself, thronged with all that is active, vigorous, and lovely, — the reptile, the fish, the bird, the beast, — the tenants of the air in affinity with those of the earth and sea, — and each connected by some mysterious link. But when we approach, for the purpose of tracing or continuing the chain of being, from these to the human family, the connexion is suddenly interrupted. Those animals which make the closest approximation by figure or utterance to the race of man, prove, that neither speech, nor brain, nor any apparently well adapted arrangement of matter, can ever communicate mind. How vast is the distance between even the most degraded of our species and the most refined of the brute creation! The stamp of immortality, it is impossible for the vilest to efface. We might hence ascend in a new progression, from the smiling infant cradled in its mother's arms, through every step of human age and intelligence, to where reason shines forth with resplendent lustre in a Locke, a Kepler, and a Newton; or to where, aided by divine inspiration, the oracles of heavenly wisdom flow from the enkindled spirit of Paul, the holy fervour of Isaiah, and the solemn harmony of the royal minstrel David. Beyond these, the mental powers languish in attempting to scale the golden ascent of created intelligence, where adoring seraphs, though placed at the summit of creation, tremblingly prostrate themselves before the throne of the Eternal! Here then we attain an elevation of grandeur, which exceeds in majesty and sublimity all the wonders that we have been contemplating. What is space, duration, motion, in all their possible relations of distance, period, magnitude, and velocity — what is matter in all its in-

finite extension and exquisite beauty — what are all these to mind, to thought, to the soul? The soul with outspread wings travels through space, and adds yet more and yet more to its dimensions. With the swift-winged arrows of light, the soul visits the various regions of the vast universe far beyond where Arcturus and his sons pursue their circling way, or where Orion stretches his stupendous form across the heavens, or where the dim-shining Pleiades shed forth their mild splendour. The soul views far beneath, in her majestic flight, all the constellations which gem the sky of this remote province of creation, and beholds other brilliant hosts of glowing firmaments, where systems roll on systems in infinite progression. While thus surveying these innumerable regions, teeming with the wonders of Creative Power, the soul looks abroad and exults in her immortality.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
The soul shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

The following, from the *Notes of a Naturalist*, are curious illustrations of remarkable characteristics in the feathered tribes.

The Magpie. — Wherever it be, wild or tame, this is the monkey of birds, full of mischief and mimicry. A gentleman told Mr. Howitt, that one he kept, having stolen various articles, was watched by him narrowly; and was at length seen by him busy in the garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "cawek!" triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the objects of his search, the gentleman went to the place, and found in the hole a poor toad, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

Poultry hatched by a Buzzard. — At Withington near Lichfield, a female buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*, Fleming), domesticated and kept in the garden, was every year set with some eggs of the common poultry, which she sat upon with great assiduity, and hatched at the usual time. When the chickens were liberated from the shell, this furious stepmother would scarcely allow any person to approach the wooden box in which the chickens were hatched, and to which they retired whenever they chose; and no dog or cat could approach them without being furiously assailed by the indignant inhabitant. This bird had another singular faculty: it used to roll up a round ball of dirt, on which it usually stood, instead of standing with its feet flat on the ground; and there is a portrait painted of it standing in its favourite position on the ball of dirt. Its fury surpassed that of the common hen whilst the chickens were young, but gradually abated as they grew older; and I have seen some full-grown fowl of its own hatching with it in the garden, feeding and living together.

"There is, in the garden of the Chequers Inn, at Uxbridge, a buzzard that has been known in the neighbourhood for twenty years, and has occupied her present quarters for half that time. About eight years ago she first shewed an inclination to sit, by collecting and bending all the loose sticks she could obtain possession of. Her owner, noticing her actions, supplied her with materials: she completed her nest, and sat on two hen's eggs, which she hatched, and afterwards reared the young. Since then, she has hatched and brought up a brood of chickens every year. She indicates a

desire to sit by scratching holes in the ground, and breaking and tearing every thing within her reach. This last summer, in order to save her the fatigue of sitting, some young chickens, just hatched, were put down to her; but, in this case, she did not forget her natural appetite, but destroyed the whole. Her family last year (June, 1831), consisted of nine; the original number was ten, but one was lost. There was another brood of chickens in the same garden, but they never ventured within her reach. When flesh was given her, she was very assiduous in tearing and offering it to her nurslings, and appeared very uneasy if, after taking small portions from them, they turned away to pick up grain.

The Corn Crake. — This interesting bird, which visits the north of England and Scotland in summer, and keeps up in the meadows its cry of *crake, crake*, is well known, but it is not easily seen. It runs with great rapidity and is loth to take wing. When found, it has the instinct, in common with some other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought to him by his dog. It was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground he turned it over with his foot — he was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, some time in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up — its head fell — its legs hung loose — it appeared again totally dead. He then put it in his pocket, and before very long he felt it all alive and struggling to escape. He took it out, it was as lifeless as before. He then laid it again upon the ground and restored to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed."

The volume is illustrated with engraved portraits of recently deceased characters, Crabbe, Goethe, Scott, Mackintosh, Bentham, &c., also engravings from medallions of the astronomers, Copernicus, Gassendi, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, &c. We conclude by again warmly recommending *Time's Telescope* to our readers, and especially to the young and observant.

America and the Americans. By a Citizen of the World. 8vo. pp. 430. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

Three Years in North America. By James Stuart, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833. Cadell. (Second Notice).

The Americans are in wrath with Mrs. Trollope for her somewhat burlesque delineation of their national manners, and with Captain Hall for his Sketches. Anger is allied to youthful blood: the Americans, as they advance in years, will learn to be indifferent to the caustic sarcasms of tourists, and the harsh animadversions of those who, being friendly to their nation, would wish to see them work improvements faster than their circumstances of life will allow. Prince Puckler Muiskau, General Pillet, and others of the same class, have done their worst towards England: we laughed at their caricatures, and we hope corrected some of those defects which were most obnoxious to the strictures of malignant tongues. Dr. Johnson's book produced much benefit in Scotland: the lairds planted trees where frowned black and sterile heaths, and burghers laid down sowers where stagnant filth had formed massive beds in the streets. The like prudent policy has guided the actions of our countrymen, who are aware that perfection is not the attribute of humanity. It is to be hoped that in process of time the Americans will become more worldly wise, lay aside their own sorrows of feeling, and instead of allowing the harsh

annotations of Englishmen on their manners to exasperate them, vie with the inhabitants of the mother country in the refinements of life and language, and run a fair race in intellectual improvement. It were useless now to inquire into the causes of the inclination of Englishmen to vilify that which is praiseworthy among the Americans. We were exasperated at first on losing so large a portion of territory as that of the United States—we could not brook their rivalry in arms, still less to be defeated by those upon whom we would fain have looked down with contempt. The subsequent disasters of the New Orleans expedition, added fresh fuel to our angry feelings. Those periods have, however, passed away, never again, we hope, to be revived, although Mr. Stuart (pp. 148-151, vol. i.) is of opinion that the questions relating to the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the rights of impressment and search, claimed by the English, must at no very distant period lead to a war. From such a crisis may the wisdom of pacific administrations preserve us! Of the two works before us, Mr. Stuart's may be said so to be a vindication of the character of the Americans, although he is by no means blind to their faults or defects. If Captain Hall's or Mrs. Trollope's volumes were condemned by the republicans of the United States for the facts collected, and observations made, as they suppose, with an injurious intention, in Mr. Stuart they will see much to praise, and little with which to find fault. Almost every topic which can interest the politician, the historian, the agriculturalist, natural philosopher, or emigrant, is freely discussed, and with the exercise of a sound judgment, although we may not ourselves agree with him in all his deductions. To the farmer and emigrant his observations are particularly valuable, as from his long experience in the treatment of land, and extensive and accurate knowledge in the various branches of agriculture, he was very competent to give decisions on all important questions touching these subjects.

The "Citizen of the World," the name taken by the author of *America and the Americans*, lives at Liverpool, was the friend of the amiable and accomplished Roscoe, and has so great a veneration for La Fayette, that he has dedicated his volume to that nobleman. He finds fault with Captain Hall for his strictures on the republicans; and a libellous tirade against the people of the United States, which he read with disgust in a periodical, first induced him to write his volume, with the intention of "informing his countrymen, that in landing in the United States, in the older ones at least, they neither fall among Chocktaws nor Chickasaws, nor have they to fear the tomahawk and scalping-knife;" and "to disabuse the British public of their prejudices as regards America." We give the author the highest possible commendation for his endeavours to vindicate the republican character, and rebut the aspersions of what he supposes to be malignant pens; but unfortunately he has gone into the opposite extreme, and cannot see a defect of any kind in any part of the Union which he visited. We regard, then, the author's motives for writing, but we must be pardoned for smiling at his excessive prejudice. Nevertheless the work abounds with pleasing passages. There is an entertaining account relative to the Indians.

"We saw at Buffalo numbers of Indians of the Seneca, Tuscarora, and other tribes, the remnants of that division of the aborigines called the Six Nations. They were all of a

copper hue, and had long coarse black hair. The women wore loose cloth pantaloons, ornamented with embroidery at the ankles, and large blue-bordered blankets covered their heads and enveloped their persons. The ears and necks of these bronzed damsels were bedizened with silver ornaments, whilst their feet, cold and wet, had no other protection than soft shoes or moccassins manufactured by themselves from the skins of the wild deer; but not having soles, the water penetrates as in a sponge, rendering them extremely uncomfortable. Some of the squaws, as the wives of the red men are called, had infants or papooses in swaddling clothes braced to boards, and carried on the back under the blankets. We asked permission, or rather, as the squaw did not understand us, we made signs that we wished to see her infant, and proceeded to unfold the blanket. The little copper-faced brat being suddenly awoke, gave us each a look of surprise which I shall not soon forget, and then set up a scream which pierced the ears of all around. The men were attired in long frock coats and trousers, and wore hats: most of them wore large red worsted sashes round the body, as is the custom in some parts of the south of Europe. During our stay at Buffalo, we made excursions to the village of the Seneca tribe of Indians, which is situated about three miles from that place: the road was so bad, that it was scarcely passable either for waggons or for persons on foot. On our way thither, we met an Indian in a small vehicle driven by an American boy. On asking the latter the distance we were then from the village, and happening to state that we were strangers and English, the Indian jumped out of the waggon, and, to our great surprise, shook hands with us very cordially; stating, in no very bad English, that he had been in our country, and was delighted to see us. On explaining to him the object of our pilgrimage, he insisted upon being our guide, and, allowing the boy to proceed to Buffalo, walked with us to his village. Upon further conversation, we found we were indeed highly honoured in the person of our cicerone, who proved to be the nephew of the celebrated chief, Old Red Jacket, then in the eightieth year of his age, and since dead, to whom he promised we should be presented. Thus escorted, and full of wigwam anticipations, we visited some of the cottages, in which we were not a little disappointed, as tourists, to find every thing in a comparatively advanced stage of civilisation. In one of these humble habitations the squaw, who could not speak a word of English, was highly decorated with silver chains and other pendant ornaments; and, in this gala attire, was busy making cakes of Indian meal, while the papoose or infant lay sleeping. The different articles of furniture were such as are found in the cabins of the white settlers; but what more particularly attracted our attention among the movables, was the display of Birmingham tea-trays, and blue and white Staffordshire crockery, which with us were associated with such an opposite picture of rural life. Many of the Indians are converted, or rather have been persuaded to profess particular systems of Christianity; for how is it possible that the dogmas taught by the missionaries, and which have been fertile subjects of dispute among the most learned, from the first to the present century of the Christian era, should be comprehended by the unlettered child of the forest? Was the pure morality of the Gospel alone inculcated by practice as well as precept, leaving speculative opinions to man's own bosom, the result would

probably be much more favourable to virtue, and consequently to happiness. We were told that the old chief of the tribe resolutely maintained his own religious opinions; and his nephew wisely declined any discussion on the subject. This otherwise communicative individual informed me, that the tract of land which they occupied was ceded to them by the state, together with a pecuniary compensation; and he seemed to feel a degree of pride on declaring, that nobody dared to cut down one of the trees on their little territory without their permission."

The account of the President's levees does not come up to the strict mark of etiquette at the royal courts of Europe.

"During the sitting of Congress, the President holds levees or drawing-rooms; the peculiar characteristics of which, as opposed to those of European courts, are being open to the public, and wholly divested of state. On the appointed evenings the doors are thrown open at eight o'clock; and the company, as they arrive, pass into the drawing-room, where, if it is their wish, they are presented to the President, with whom it is usual to shake hands. Some slight refreshments are occasionally handed by waiters in plain clothes; and the whole, after promenading the apartments for an hour or two, retire. On the evening of our visit, about 1000 persons of both sexes were present, all of whom were well dressed. Some of the foreign ministers and strangers of rank wore their stars and other decorations. The President, General Jackson, whose bow would pass the ordeal of the Tuilleries or St. James's, is a tall thin man, apparently about sixty-five: his visage is long and pale, his hair gray, very bushy, and combed upwards; and when we had the honour of being presented, he was in mourning, having recently lost his wife. Although, as I have observed, the doors are thrown open to all indiscriminately, we only noticed two or three persons who had the appearance of operative farmers or mechanics, and these ventured no farther than the entrance to the first drawing-room, where, after gazing upon the brilliant throng for a few minutes, and not anticipating amusement, took their departure. We were informed that the working classes prefer having their own evenings, particularly that of New Year's Day, when they muster in full force to shake hands with the nation's chief magistrate. The presence of guards of honour, of bands of gentlemen pensioners, and of livery servants, are, happily for the people, unknown in America; but the objection to music at the levees, as to too closely approximating to royal state, seems less weighty, and the absence of sweet sounds certainly deprives them of much enlivening interest. How a proposition for the introduction of a military, or, indeed, any band into the mansion of the President would be received, may be judged, when I state that the directions for the drivers of coaches, as to setting down and taking up the company, and which appeared in the Washington papers, were the subject of ridicule, although such regulations were absolutely necessary to prevent accidents. To our surprise, none of the Indians made their appearance at the levees, although several of rank were on a visit to the capital at the time. These interesting remnants of their race, whose fallen state was apparent in their 'dejected 'haviour of the visage,' were generally to be seen in the bar-room, or under the portico of their hotel. They were attired in fashionable costume, in which, however, they did not appear at ease, and all wore Scotch plaid cloaks. Some lang-

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able anecdotes were circulated respecting the deportment of these strangers at table, who, it seemed, were perfectly 'at home,' and thought nothing of throwing the bones from their plates upon a Brussels or Turkey carpet, and committing other little breaches of politeness, not exactly in keeping with the rules of polished society."

The book altogether is worthy of perusal; though for detailed facts, especially at this period, so momentous to the fortunes of the Union, not so explicit as the volumes of Mr. Stuart, from which, however, as we have already given quotations, we shall not again occupy our page.

The Comet. Scientific Notices, &c. By M. Arago. Translated from the French by Col. C. Gold, C.B. 12mo. pp. 124. London, 1833. Baldwin and Cradock.

EXTRACTS of parts of Mons. Arago's cheerful and scientific notice on the subject of comets have appeared in various periodicals in this country, and we are now indebted to Col. Gold for a translation of this useful memoir in a complete form, written originally for the purpose of restoring tranquillity to the public mind in France during the comet-panic of 1832, and published by order of the government.

The name of the distinguished philosopher, Arago, is a sufficient pledge that the statements he ventures upon are worthy of the attention of the scientific, and of sufficient weight to dissipate the groundless apprehensions of those who consider comets as messengers of terror and destruction—as agents of pestilence and other calamities; while the lively and popular manner in which he has treated his subject, renders the treatise delightful and accessible to the understanding of every one.

The work itself is filled with sound reasoning on the subject of comets in their supposed influence on our terrestrial habitation, particularly referring to the comet of Biela, that terrific monster of 1832, which every body saw last autumn, or thought they saw; which actually came, crossed the earth's orbit as predicted, and glided away without deigning to gratify the wondering eye of the many, and favouring only a few—a very few, with feeble glimpses of its dim, misty light. It is now re-treating from the sun, without at all interfering with our earth, will attain its aphelion in 1836, and again revisit this part of the system in 1839; we may therefore safely repose under the assurance, that our planet for some time to come will escape being shattered to atoms by this comet. But, "Is it possible for a comet to produce a concussion of the earth, or of any other planet?"

"By virtue of first causes," says M. Arago, "whose natures are unknown to us, and which have given rise to many theories of the creation, more or less plausible, the planets of our system perform their revolutions round the sun in orbits almost circular. The comets, on the contrary, travel in paths of extremely elongated ellipses, and they move in all imaginable directions. In returning from their points of aphelion, they constantly traverse our solar system; they penetrate within the interior of the planetary orbits, often they even pass between Mercury and the sun. It is not then impossible that a comet may come in contact with the earth. After having acknowledged the possibility of a shock, we hasten to say that the probability of such an event is extremely small. This will appear

evident at the first glance, if we compare the immense space in which our globe and the comets move with the small capacities of those bodies. Mathematical calculations go yet much further; as soon as a determinate hypothesis is formed of the comparative diameters of the earth and comet, a numerical estimate affords the probability of the question. Let us suppose a comet, of which we only know that at its perihelion it is nearer the sun than we are, and that its diameter is one-fourth of that of the earth. The calculation of probabilities shews that of 281,000,000 of chances, there is only one unfavourable—there exists but one which can produce a collision between the two bodies. Without endangering the tranquillity of mind which the above number ought to give to the most timid persons, I can say that if, in calculating the probability of the collision of the earth and the nucleus of a comet, we have taken the supposed estimate of the comet's diameter at one-fourth of that of the earth, we have much underrated it; that the chances of their meeting, according to the calculation, will be much too low, in the case where the question would be not of the nucleus, properly so defined, but of the nebulosity which covers it on all parts. If, then, the number be taken at ten times the preceding, the result certainly will not be exaggerated. Just ideas on the calculation of probabilities are as yet so little known, and the public sometimes mistake in so strange a manner as to the numerical results to which the computations lead, that I felt disposed, at one time, to suppress this short chapter. I could have done so with less scruple; for as to what regards the comet of 1832, the considerations of probability are quite superfluous; for the orbit is known, and we can tell with certainty what will be, during the future apparition, its least distance from the earth. The problem, it should be understood, was quite different in the calculations of which I have stated the results. There we wanted to determine, without any information as to the form and position of the comet's orbit, to how many chances of collision the earth was exposed. In this manner we have found, as to the nucleus properly so called, one chance of collision, one woful chance to 280,999,999 favourable chances. As for the nebulosity, in its most habitual dimensions, the unfavourable chances will be from 10 to 20 in the same number of 281,000,000. Admitting, then, for a moment, that the comets which may strike the earth with their nucleuses would annihilate the whole human race; then the danger of death to each individual, resulting from the appearance of an unknown comet, would be exactly equal to the risk he would run, if in an urn there was only one single white ball, of a total number of 281,000,000 balls, and that his condemnation to death would be the inevitable consequence of the white ball being produced at the first drawing. Every man who is willing to make use of his reason, however he may be attached to life, will laugh at so small a danger. Well, then, the day on which a comet is announced, before observations have been made on it—before it has been possible to determine its path, then is there, for each inhabitant of our globe, the chance of the white ball from the urn of which I have just spoken."

As the year 1835 approaches, we venture to predict that the public curiosity will be powerfully directed to the return of the comet of 1759—the Halley comet; a much finer one than that of Biela, and also a safe one.

"No further doubt being entertained as to the periodicity of the comet of 1759, it has

been necessary to calculate the date of its approaching return. M. Damoiseau, of the Bureau of Longitude, has not flinched from the immense work; he has advanced the approximations much further than his predecessor, and, moreover, he has taken into account the perturbing influence of the planet Uranus, the existence of which was unknown in Clairaut's time. Here follows the result at which our associate has arrived. 'The interval between the passage of the comet of 1759, at its perihelion, and its approaching passage to that point, will be 28,007 days, which, reckoning from the 12th of March, 1759, the commencement of that period, answers to the 16th of November, 1835.' Thus, in the middle of November, 1835, we shall see repass, near the sun, the first comet whose periodicity was established; the comet which in 1456, accompanied by a tail of 60° in length, excited so much consternation in Europe, either on account of its vivid brightness, or, above all, because the public, still enslaved by astrological superstitions, believed its apparition to be connected with the most serious event of that age, the menacing success of the Mahomedan armies."

The inquiry, whether the dry fogs of 1783 and of 1831 were occasioned by the tail of a comet, gives rise to a very interesting discussion, and records some singular facts:—

"The extraordinary fog of 1831, which so greatly excited public attention in the four quarters of the globe, resembles that of 1783 in too many circumstances, to allow me to omit proving that its origin must not be sought for in a comet's tail. This fog was for the first time remarked—

On the African coast	31st of August.
At Odessa	1st of September.
In the South of France	10th.
At Paris	11th.
In the United States (New York)	15th.

Nothing evidently can be deduced from these observations, relating either to the rapidity, or even to the way of its propagation. The fog in question weakened the light which traversed it to such a degree, that during the whole day the sun might be looked at by the naked eye without a darkened or a coloured glass, or any of the precautions resorted to by astronomers to secure their sight. On the coast of Africa the sun was not visible until it had exceeded a height of 15 or 20 degrees above the horizon. At night the sky sometimes became clear, and even the stars were visible. This last circumstance, so worthy of remark, I have received from M. Berard, one of the best-informed officers of the French navy. M. Rozet, captain on the staff at Algiers, the observers at Annopolis, in the United States, those of the south of France, saw the solar disc of an azure blue, verditer, or emerald green colour. Theoretically speaking, it is doubtless not impossible that a gaseous substance—vapour analogous in that respect to so many liquid or solid mat-

"We are too near the re-appearance of the comet of 1759 to neglect noticing, that this star, without any deviation in its progress from the route which the laws of universal gravity have assigned to it, has always been decreasing in intensity: so that we must not expect to review in 1835, either the *cometa horrenda magnitudinis* of the year 1305, or that long tail which in 1456 extended over two-thirds of the interval between the horizon and the zenith, nor even a star as brilliant as the comet of 1662, with its tail of 30°. It appears that the comets, in describing their immense orbits, or each revolution disseminate in space all the matter which, when near the perihelion, has been detached from the nebulosity, properly so called, to form the tail. It will then be possible that, in course of time, some of them will terminate by a complete wasting away, unless that by incessant traversing, and in various directions, through similar trains detached from other comets, they may by degrees recover a quantity of matter sufficient nearly to compensate for their own losses."

ters discovered by modern chemistry—should colour the white light passing it of a blue, green, or violet tinge; but, unto this time, there have been no well-established examples; and the tints transmitted by clouds, or by fog, had always partaken of more or less marked gradations of red or purple, that is, as to what generally characterize imperfect transparency. From this circumstance we may perhaps seem authorized to class the fog of 1831 amongst matters of a cosmical nature; but I think it should be remarked, that the unusual blue or green coloration of the sun's disc may not be real; that if the fog or clouds near the sun were, as may be supposed, red by reflection, the direct weakened but colourless light of that orb, in its passage across the atmospheric vapours, could not, at least in appearance, avoid assuming the complementary tint to red, which is a blue more or less tinged with green. The phenomenon would thus become of the class of accidental colours which so much occupies the attention of modern naturalists: it would be simply an effect of contrast. During the existence of this fog, there was not, properly speaking, any night at those places where the atmosphere appeared strongly impregnated with it. Thus, in the month of August, even at midnight, the smallest writing was legible in Siberia, at Berlin, at Genoa, &c. Twilight, under the most favourable circumstances, does not commence to dawn on the horizon until the moment when the sun's depression below that line does not exceed 18°. Then, at midnight, the 3d of August, the day of the observation at Berlin, the sun was depressed more than 10°. The common twilight would not then exist there; and yet all the witnesses agree, they were able, in the open air, to read the smallest letter-press. If the fog reflected that light, it necessarily occupied in the atmosphere, or beyond its limits, regions extremely elevated, but yet not so much so as would be deduced from the ordinary calculations of twilight—which calculations, in effect, are based on the hypothesis of a simple reflection; whilst it can be proved by recent experiments, of which it is not possible here to give an exact idea, that compound, or multiplied reflections play the greatest part in all the phenomena of atmospheric illumination. When it is agreed that the fog shall be considered high enough to explain from thence the existence of the strong nocturnal lights which were observed at Berlin, in Italy, &c. the red colour of that light, however intense it is supposed, and really had been, causes no farther embarrassment to the naturalist, and I shall not be delayed by it. No circumstance among the preceding ones can lead us to suppose that the fog of 1831 was brought into our atmosphere by the tail of a comet. At that time, also, the phenomenon not having been general in Europe, having been unperceived in certain parts, but very slightly, as at Paris, and only for a few days, one cannot explain how the body of the star should have been concealed from all observations. This circumstance is sufficient to set aside the hypothesis altogether.

We have only to repeat, that this little volume does honour to the celebrated writer, and no slight credit to the translator.

Standard Novels, No. XX.IV.: Madame de Staél's Corinne. Translated by Miss Isabel Hill; with Metrical Versions of the "Chants," or Odes, by Miss Landen. London, 1833. Bentley.

LITERATURE is like money—it requires cir-

elation in order to be beneficial: their only difference is as to time; coin can scarcely be passed too rapidly from hand to hand; while books should remain with each owner till their contents become a part of memory. We are persuaded that a person who had read five volumes twice over, would possess more knowledge than another who had read ten only once. Every earthly advantage has its drawback; and the easy and varied supply of reading in the present day has this evil—that ease produces indifference, and variety confusion. We read so much, and so carelessly, that half the impressions traced on the mind are as if they were traced on water—they leave no record, and much time is consumed with but little effect. Yet as every good has its bad, so does every bad, sooner or later, apply its own remedy: even now the reaction is beginning; we are tacitly admitting that we have read too fast, and are doing former writers the justice of more familiar perusal. We entirely approve of the system of reprints; the neat and cheap editions now appearing are the very things for the family bookcase, and for the shelves of the young people; and no pages are like those of our own library, whether numerous or scanty—a familiar face is as great a merit in a book as in a friend. The plan of the circulating libraries is good, as far as it goes; we are enabled, at an astonishingly cheap rate, to keep pace with the novelties of the day, and also to make a choice amid the multitude; but the reading (and this is especially true of the young) which really forms the judgment, suggests new ideas by the process of comparison, and accustoms the mind to exertion, is the reading that repeats itself—that calculates its first and second impressions—that has its favourite passages, and its different opinions. This is not to be accomplished by a single and hasty perusal: the sole rule of reading we would give to the young is, "You have read nothing, which you have not read twice."—The present edition is a collection of those works which belong to a class the most universally read, perhaps, of any in our various literature: it is well observed in the motto on the title-page, that "No kind of literature is so generally attractive as fiction. Pictures of life and manners, and stories of adventure, are more eagerly received by the many than graver productions, however important these latter may be." Apuleius is better remembered by his fable of Cupid and Psyche than by his abstruser Platonic writings; and the Decameron of Boccaccio has outlived the Latin treatises and other learned works of that author. The selection before us has one great merit—it is perfectly unexceptionable: and to this negative qualification we must add much warmer praise: for the volumes well deserve the "standard" place assigned to them in English literature. Cooper has almost an historical claim; for his pages are not only the most animated, but the most faithful pictures of a great people rapidly passing from the face of the earth. Godwin's profound and subtle reasoning surely deserve something more than the hasty perusal of an idle hour. The chivalric and picturesque heroes of the Misses Porter contrast well with the every-day life of Miss Austen, which is again relieved by the deeper sensibility of Mrs. Brontë. Lawrie Todd does for modern times in America what Cooper has done for the past; and few rival Galt, in keen and shrewd views of society. We may safely say, "Go on, and prosper," to a series which has hitherto been so singularly cheap and well chosen. Here are twenty-four volumes, neatly bound, prettily embellished, and

all by writers of established popularity, for what at original prices would have cost thirty or five-and-thirty pounds. The last of the set is a translation of *Corinne* by Miss Hill, of which it is sufficient to say, that it affords, if not a very correct and elegant, at least a fair idea of Madame de Staél's most celebrated work, in a single, low-priced volume. We observe, that L. E. L. has contributed a charm to this production by what may well be considered an exercise of poetical talent, viz. that of rendering several of the original compositions into English. The following is an example of the skill and feeling with which this task has been executed:

"*The Last Song of Corinne.*

Take ye my solemn farewell! O, my friends,
Already night is darkening on my eyes!—
But is not heaven more beautiful by night?
Thousands of stars shine in the kindling sky,
Which is an azure desert during day.
Thus do the gathering of eternal shades
Reveal immensurable thoughts, half lost
In the full daylight of prosperity;
But weakened is the voice which might instruct;
The soul retires within itself, and seeks
To gather round itself in failing fire.

From my first days of youth, my inward hope
Was to do honour to the Roman name—
That name at which the startled heart yet beats.
Ye have allowed me fame, O generous land!
Ye banish not a woman from the shrine!
Ye do not sacrifice immortal gifts
To passing jealousies. Ye who will yield
Applause to Genius in its daring flight!
Victor without the vanquished—conqueror,
Yet without spoil—who from eternity
Draws riches for all time.

Nature and life! with what deep confidence
Ye did inspire me. I deemed all grief arose
For that we did not feel, or think enough;
And that we might, even on this our earth,
Beforehand taste that heavenly happiness,
Which is—but length in our enthusiasm,
But constancy in love.

No, I repeat it not, this generous faith;
No—that caused not the bitter tears I've shed,
Watering the dust which awaits me now.
I had accomplished all my destiny—
I had been worthy all the gifts of Heaven,
If I had only vowed my sounding lyre
To celebrate that goodness all divine,
Made manifest throughout the universe.

And thou, my God!—Oh, thou wilt not reject
The offering of the mind, for poetry,
Is homage is religious, and the wings
Of thought but serve to draw more near to thee.

Religion has no limits, and no bonds.—
The vast, the infinite, and the eternal,
Never from her may genius separate.
Imagination from its earliest flight
Past over the bounds of life; and the sublime
Is the reflection of divinity.

Alas! my God, had I loved only thee,
If I had raised my head aloft in heaven,
From passionate affections sheltered there,
I had not now been crushed before my time—
Phantoms had not dispelled my brilliant dreams.
Unhappy I! if yet my genius lives,
I only know it by my strength of grief;
Under the features of an enemy
I recognise it now.

Farewell, my birthplace! farewell, my own land!
Farewell, remembrances of infancy,
Farewell! Ah, what have ye to do with death?
And ye, who in my writings may have found
Feelings, whose echo was within your soul—
Oh, friends of mine, where'er ye be, farewell!
Corinne has suffered much, but suffered not
In an unworthy cause: she has not lost
At least her claim on pity.

Beautiful Italy! it is in vain
To promise me your loveliness; my heart
Is worn and wasted: what can ye avail?
Would ye revive my hopes, to edge my grief?
Would ye recall my happiness, and thus
Make me revolt against my fate?

Meekly I do submit myself. Oh, ye
Who may survive me, when the spring returns,
Remember how I loved its loveliness!
How oft I sung its perfume and its air.
I pray you sometimes to recall a line
From out my songs—my soul is written there:
But fatal Muses, Love and Misery,
Taught my best poetry.

When the designs of mighty Providence
Are worked in us, internal music marks
The coming of the angel of the grave;
Nor fearful, nor yet terrible, he spreads
His white wings; and, though compassed by night,
A thousand voices tell of his approach.

If the wind murmur, then they seem to hear
His voice; and when night falls, the shadows round
See the dark foldings of his sweeping robe.
At noon, when life seen only the clear sky,
Feels only the bright sun, the fated one
Whom Death hath called, upon the distance marks
The heavy shade which is so soon to shroud
All nature from their eyes.

Youth, hope, emotions of the heart, ye all
Are now no more. Far from me, vain regrets;
If I can yet obtain some falling tears,
It is because I am about to die.
Could I recall my fleeting life, that life,
Soon would it turn upon me all its stings.

And Rome! Rome, where my ashes will be borne!
Thou who hast seen so many die, forgive,
It, with a trembling step, I join the shades,
The multitude of your illustrious dead!
Forgive me for my pity of myself.

Feelings, and noble thoughts, such thoughts per-

chance
As might have yielded fruit, expire with me.
Of all the powers of mind which nature gave,
The power of suffering has been the sole one
Which I have used to its extent.

It matters not; I do obey. Whate'er
May be the mighty mystery of death,
That mystery at least must give repose.
Ye do not answer me, ye silent tombs!
Merciful God, thou dost not answer me!
I made my choice on earth, and now my heart
Has no asylum. Ye decide for me,
And such a destiny is best!"

In conclusion, we will say of these twenty-four volumes that they shew great enterprise in the publisher, Mr. Bentley, who has thus far proceeded on his course with judgment and liberality. He has much in his power, not only as it regards this series, but with respect to publishing in general; and we trust that he will not mistake the course which is fairly open to him. With all the advantages of copyrights, &c., which he enjoys, the *Standard Novels* should be, and from the past we have little doubt will be, fit companions to associate with the best of the *Family Library*; and make a shelf of great interest, though of small compass, wherever the domestic circle can look to the enjoyment of reading of this description.

Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards.
By Col. Mac Kinnon. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

[Second notice.]

Or works which may be considered tributary to the general purposes of history, the one before us is a very successful and able example. It seems to have been the proud fate of the Coldstream Guards to be mainly instrumental in bringing about many of the great events which distinguish the annals of our nation from the time of the Commonwealth to that of the battle of Waterloo. A memoir of that corps cannot, therefore, fail to illustrate some of the most interesting topics of English history. The task of writing this memoir could not have fallen into better hands than those of Colonel Mac Kinnon, who, as we stated in our first notice, has executed it in a lucid style, and with laborious and unwearied research. Few persons are aware that the achievements of the Coldstream Guards have been famous at sea, as well as on the land. The author of the present work has placed on record the forgotten fact, that this distinguished corps, after taking a marked share under its colonel General Monk in the restoration of England, was equally conspicuous for its service in all the great naval battles between the English and the Dutch, in the reign of Charles the Second. At that period there were no regular marines, and Monk, then Duke of Albemarle and Lord General, having fully proved the valour and discipline of his regiment on land, was willing that the Dutch should have some experience of their prowess on ship-board. Accordingly it appears from Colonel Mac Kinnon's history, that in the month of October, 1664, "a detachment of the

lord-general's (or Coldstream) regiment was embarked on board the fleet under the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and Lord Sandwich." In the April following, "five hundred men were added to the lord-general's regiment for sea service, and distributed on board the fleet." They commenced their naval career with success, for in June a great battle was fought off Harwich, when the Dutch were totally defeated, with the loss of eighteen men-of-war taken, fourteen sunk, and their Admiral Oppdam's ship, with several others, blown up. In 1666, "a large portion of the duke's regiment again embarked on board the fleet, under the command of Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle." In June they were present at the obstinate engagement of four days' duration off Dunkirk, of which Campbell speaks as the "most terrible" battle fought in that war; and they again participated in all the dangers and glory of the furious struggle on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July, when Prince Rupert and their colonel the Duke of Albemarle gained "a most decisive victory, the Dutch losing twenty men-of-war and four admirals." Had these services been rendered in modern times, it is probable that a naval crown would have been combined with the honours which decorate the colours of the Coldstream, for a perpetual memorial of its exertions on both elements. It must, at all events, be highly gratifying to a brave body of men, that in obeying the order given by his present Majesty for the commanding officers to collect and record the particulars of the past services of their regiments, Colonel Mac Kinnon has seized the opportunity of restoring a brilliant page in the annals of his corps, which the hand of Time had obliterated.

A Geological Sketch of the Vicinity of Hastings.
By William Henry Fitton, M.D. V.P.G.S. F.R.S. 18mo. pp. 94. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

THESE local sketches are excellent means of advancing our knowledge of the globe we inhabit. They form the registers of facts from which our theories must be deduced. Dr. Fitton has attentively studied the geological features of Hastings, and in the present little work detailed them in a lucid and intelligible manner.

Alphabet of Botany, for the use of Beginners.
By James Rennie, M.A., Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. 12mo. pp. 123. London, 1833. Orr.

PERHAPS few sciences have made more rapid advances of late years than botany. We can ourselves remember the time when it consisted of little more than giving names to the different leafy denizens of earth. Now the case is widely altered. The small volume before us is an excellent introduction to the elements. We think it would have been more judicious if the professor had abstained from some little oblications of what may be termed the *odium botanicum*, when speaking of contemporaries.

The Mosaic and Mineral Geology Illustrated and Compared. By W. M. Higgins, F.G.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 168. London, 1832. Scoble. THIS attempt to reconcile natural appearances with the Mosaic account of the creation is highly praiseworthy; and if its success is problematical, this is mainly to be attributed to our imperfect knowledge of the subject. We think, in the present state of the science, such inquiries were more wisely abstained from. Mr. Higgins has, however, grappled fairly with it,

and has treated it as well as it admitted, in a manner highly creditable to himself.

Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds, with the best Means of Prevention and Cure. Second edition. Pp. 40. London, 1833. Renshaw and Rush.

ADVICE which, in this variable climate, we trust will not be thrown away upon our readers. Every one should carry it in his pocket, and study it the moment he sees a shower threatening him. It is very sensibly written, and its precepts are judicious.

The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science. No. VI., Vol. II. Dublin, 1833. Hodges and Smith.

THE present number fully maintains the high character of this ably conducted periodical. Mr. Kane's contributions to chemical science are particularly interesting.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MOHAMMED ALI.

A PREJUDICE against this extraordinary person having been ascribed to us,* we feel no difficulty in shewing the injustice of the imputation by the insertion of the following extract from the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, of November 1832.

Mohammed Ali is an enlightened man, uniting to natural and rare genius personal qualities little known among Turkish princes. He is endowed with great courage, and with extraordinary strength of character, seconded by still more extraordinary bodily activity; for at sixty years of age he overlooks and does every thing himself; he spends the day in his arsenal, his manufactories, and his dock-yards; he stimulates all by his presence. A new Peter the Great, he is always seen the first at his post; he is afoot from four o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night; he reads every day the reports which are sent him from every province and from various administrations, hears read all the petitions which are addressed to him, answers all, and, at the same time that he is occupied with the civil government, with the army, with the agriculture, with the industry, and with the commerce of Egypt, he causes to be read all the interesting articles in the European journals, that he may not be ignorant of any remarkable occurrence in Europe. In three years, by his orders have been constructed five three-deckers, several ships of second rate, and an arsenal at Alexandria which has few equals in Europe.

Mohammed Ali is exempt from vulgar prejudices, but he pretends to respect and attend to them. He frequently observes, that the prejudices of an ignorant people are like burning coals, which it is dangerous to touch. As for reforms, he makes them only by degrees. When such or such a change is recommended to him, he always replies, "Physicians do not administer all their medicines at once." Popular errors are like diseases, which must be cured insensibly.

One of the qualities by which he is further distinguished is generosity. He recompenses largely the services which are rendered him; above all, those which tend to ameliorate the state of Egypt, and the condition of his people. When he is dissatisfied with the conduct of any

* In consequence of our inserting a résumé of the pamphlet from Smyrna in our Nos. 229 and 230; but we had previously published views highly favourable to the Pasha of Egypt; and it was only on the just principle, *audi alteram partem*, that we gave currency to the opposite statements.—*Ed. L. G.*

officer or official person, the greatest punishment which he inflicts upon him is to divest him of his functions, without touching his salary, which he is allowed still to retain.

Mohammed Ali is very fond of Europeans, especially of the French. He is desirous that others should respect them as much as he does. He frequently expresses his regret that he cannot receive their visits standing : "My stupid Turks," he observes, "compel me to be unmannerly." One day, some English officers of distinction entered his divan; as usual, he invited them to sit down, and ordered coffee to be brought to them. One of the persons who served it, having from fanaticism, presented it with his left hand, the Pasha, who noticed the circumstance, restrained himself for the moment; but as soon as the officers went away, ordered the fellow who had dared thus to insult foreigners who came to visit him in his palace, to be bastinadoed.

Mohammed Ali has been frequently cheated by adventurers or ignorant persons, and deceived in his hopes and projects; but these disappointments have never wearied his perseverance.

This prince acquired the government of Egypt only by the vigour of his sword and of his genius; he can maintain himself in that government only by the same vigour. Even at present, he would be the first to march to the combat, if it were necessary.

Greatness of soul is a quality which has characterised almost all great men, especially conquerors. Mohammed Ali possesses it in the highest degree. Far from acting towards the vanquished Turkish officers like their sultans, who stupidly order every general who has been beaten—or who, notwithstanding his bravery, is unable to conquer—to be beheaded, he has always treated with the greatest kindness those who have been thrown into his power by the fortune of war, during his long and brilliant military career. Treating them as brothers, he has almost always converted them into friends and devoted servants; and has advanced them to place and honour. Among a thousand examples, it is sufficient to quote that of his prime minister, the late Mohammed Bey, so well known by his attachment and fidelity; and if we wish for one more recent, what act of clemency can be more striking than that which he has just exhibited towards Abdallah Pasha?

In consequence of the reputation which Mohammed Ali has acquired throughout Turkey, and of his influence at the Porte, claims upon his assistance or his protection proceed from all quarters. Thus, how many compromised pashas have obtained their pardon through his intercession, even when their lives were at stake! Mohammed Ali has always found the means of saving them. He never confined himself to mere mediation—he has frequently purchased their pardon with considerable sums; among others, that of Abdallah Pasha himself, who, blockaded for a long time by the armies of the Porte, was on the point of yielding, when Mohammed Ali paid several thousand purses in order to deliver him. Besides this, he grants all persons who take refuge in his dominions, pensions proportionate to their rank; and there are a great many individuals of that description.

Mohammed Ali is by no means sanguinary, as they have endeavoured to represent him. The massacre of the Mamelukes is no proof of his being so; for they had a thousand times plotted and sworn his destruction. It would have been inevitable, but for that severe mea-

sure. Before him, every bey, every cauchef, had the power of life and death over a fellow; now no person has that right. It is vested in the tribunals; and even their sentence cannot be executed until it has received his approbation. Before him, Egypt was, as is well known, in the power of the brave but ignorant and barbarous Mamelukes; and under this domination it would never have extricated itself from the state of degradation and misery in which it was plunged, any more than under that of the pashas; at least, as those to whom the other provinces of the East are intrusted.

Mohammed Ali is the first of the governors of Egypt who, since the French expedition, has renewed the work of civilisation—the first who has thought of forming a regular army, of founding establishments, of re-establishing order, of organising his government in a European manner; and to insure the success of his views and his labours, and to naturalise in Egypt the very principles of these ameliorations, he was the first of the Arab princes to send, at a great expense, hundreds of young persons into Europe, and especially into France, to study the sciences and the arts.

It was only from his example that these new means of organisation occurred to the Sultan Mahmoud; but not having the genius of the great man who governs Egypt, he has not, like him, introduced these reforms gradually, with prudence, respecting religious opinions, consulting prejudices, persuading his people by that natural eloquence which characterises Mohammed Ali; and concluding, by dint of perseverance, in attaching to him even the very persons who had been most opposed to him. The Sultan Mahmoud, on the contrary, a rash and violent reformer, wished in a single moment to change the face of Turkey; inclining rather to prompt and striking reforms, than to essential and profound modifications—thinking that all civilisation consists in making the Musulmans wear shoes and European pantaloons, and in teaching them to drink wine. The sabre is the only argument which he has employed. Four hundred thousand heads of men, more ignorant than culpable, have fallen at his feet by the strength of this *supreme reason*; so that he has, in a manner, thrown the entire empire into a state of revolt against him.

Order and security have been re-established in Egypt by Mohammed Ali. Before him, no one was safe in his own house; no one could leave the towns, without the fear of being plundered or assassinated by the Bedouins, who came even into the suburbs. The Christians, above all, had to dread these enemies; and others nearer still. The Mamelukes frequently carried off, and violated with impunity, Christian and Jewish women.

He has done still more—he has subjected the hordes of Bedouins, hitherto untamed, who infested the deserts, from the pyramids to Sennar: these deserts may in our days be crossed with perfect safety by Europeans, even in European dress—a costume so abhorred by Mahometans.

Throughout Turkey, Europeans cannot travel without difficulty; firms and escorts do not always protect them from insults; they frequently pay with their heads for the slightest act of violence towards a Mussulman: they are condemned to the same fate for taking the least liberty with Turkish females: they can have neither slaves nor Mussulman servants. In Egypt, on the contrary, all these errors are tolerated; Europeans have slaves and servants of the country: in a word, there is no difference between them and the Arabs. It is even enough to be European to have greater privi-

leges than others. Unfortunately, this liberty proceeds to licentiousness; for adventurers abound there; and travellers of that description do very little honour to the nations to which they belong.

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. AIKIN on the gaseous substances used for artificial light and the manufacture of gas. In our notice of this *illustration* we must be very brief; the practical details of the manufacture of gas, with descriptions of the retorts, tubes, tanks, hydraulic-mains, &c. without the drawings, the exhibition of which accompanied Mr. Aikin's discourse, would be uninteresting to the most acute reader. The application of elastic fluid, or gas, to the purpose of affording artificial light is of modern invention, though from an early period its existence was acknowledged; for what is the blaze of a coal fire but the burning of coal-gas? In 1739 a Fellow of the Royal Society first discovered the inflammable nature of coal-tar; in 1746 further advances were made; and sometime after, the Earl of Dundonald obtained a patent for the manufacture of gas and coke; but it may be fairly said, that until its introduction by Mr. Windsor, who lit what was then the Lyceum Theatre in the Strand, and one side of Pall-Mall, with gas, the extent of its usefulness as an artificial light was not understood. A chadron of coal, after remaining about eight hours in the retort, yields from 10,000 to 14,000 cubic feet of gas—the difference in quantity arising from the quality of the coal; a loss varying from 22½ to 34½ per cent takes place, and it becomes coke: about one cwt. of tar is also extracted, together with a quantity of ammoniacal liquor, from which is made sal ammoniac, and other chemical compounds.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair.—The continuation of Mr. Royle's paper on the *Lycium* of Dioscorides was read. The *Lycium* is one of those articles in the ancient *materia medica* which has puzzled all the commentators on Dioscorides. He has described two kinds, the one the produce of Lycia and Cappadocia (hence the name); the other, and the more valuable and efficacious, is of India. Linnaeus considered it the plant identical with his *Lycium europeum*; by some it has been referred to the *Berberis crista*, and by others to several species of *Rhamnus*; particularly *Rhamnus catharticus* and *infectarius*. This last is most probably the sort mentioned by Dioscorides, being abundant in various parts of Greece and Asia Minor. The Indian species, which it is the object of Mr. Royle's paper to illustrate, he appears satisfactorily to have made out to be the *Berberis asiatica*. The plant is used in cases of incipient and chronic inflammation of the eyes, and has been found very efficacious in the author's own practice.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEB. 6.—Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. Several gentlemen were elected Fellows. A paper was read by Henry MacLachlan, Esq., employed on the Ordnance Survey, explanatory of the geology of portions of Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Gloucestershire, including the coal-field of the Forest of Dean. This memoir was illustrated by the sheets of the Ordnance Survey, coloured geologically.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting for scientific business, there was read a communication from Geoffrey St. Hilaire, on the organisation of the *Oriothrychus* as regards the production of its young, and the glandular apparatus, supposed to be analogous to the mammary glands of mammals in general. Numerous specimens of shells, new to science, from the collection of Mr. Cuming, were exhibited, with descriptions by Mr. Sowerby. A paper by Mr. Martin, curator of the Museum, was also read: this communication is on the anatomy of the slender Lori (*Loris gracilis*), which, among other facts, proves the existence of that arterial structure in the limbs of this animal which was first pointed out by Sir A. Carlisle in the Slow Lemur and Sloth. The only known specimen extant of that extraordinary bird the *Apteryx Australis*, belonging to the President, Lord Stanley, was laid on the table; this specimen is that which was formerly in the possession of Shaw, and by him introduced to science. Temminck appears to have regarded its existence as doubtful, though he has classed it amongst his *insectorum*. It is of all birds the most anomalous in its structure;—the wings are merely rudimentary, and tipped with nails; the feet are strong; legs short and thick, and armed with sharp spurs; beak long, like that of an ibis, with minute nostrils at the point. New Zealand is said to be its native habitat. Drawings were exhibited of a race of two-legged swine in India.

At the same meeting Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on the carnivorous order, animals having a propensity to feed on the flesh of slaughtered creatures, and armed with weapons for their destruction; the teeth are large, strong, and pointed, the condyles of the jaw being closely locked, and allowing only a hinge-like motion, the grinders armed with conical points; the space occupied by the temporal muscles of amazing extent; and the whole plan of the skeleton and muscles such as to fit them for a life of rapine and bloodshed.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

On Saturday Mr. King, the surgeon who accompanies Capt. Back, and, in the beginning of the week, Capt. Back himself, left London for Liverpool, to embark for New York, on their exploratory overland expedition, in search of Capt. Ross and his intrepid companions. For an account of their equipment, objects, and proposed route, we have to refer to No. 836 of the *Literary Gazette*. At present all we have to say is, that they left us in good spirits, and full of ardent hopes: Heaven prosper them!

We also observe in the newspapers an advertisement of a part of the subscriptions towards this undertaking, signed "George Ross late Hon. Sec.;" to which is appended an address, signed "George Ross, Hon. Sec.," inviting a subscription to equip an expedition by sea: the purpose of which would be to track Capt. Ross according to the course it was known to his intention to pursue, and thus co-operate with the preceding design. We are rather inclined to think that this proposition is likely to distract public feeling; and for ourselves would rather see one efficient attempt, than plunge another body of men into similar danger to that from which it is but faintly expected that those whom they went to seek, can be saved.

The place of the colures being spoken of by Hipparchus as the middle of Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn (i.e. the 8°, or middle of the constellations), the opponents of Newton have assumed, to support their theory, that the middle, or 15°, of the signs is to be understood—a difference in time of four to five centuries. Mr. Culmure, however,

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

DR. BUCKLAND in the chair. A paper, communicated by Leonard Horner, F.R.S., on the existence of four hearts connected with the lymphatic vessels in certain amphibia, such as frogs, lizards, &c., was read. The paper is full of technical details:—the author (name unheard) finds that pulsation in the anterior and posterior organs is irregular, and that these hearts do not contain blood, but a clear lymphatic fluid. Dr. Buckland informed the meeting that the translation of a paper, on the intensity of terrestrial magnetism required to measure, would be read pursuant to the instructions of H. R. H. the president. This communication, it appears, is the work of one of the professors at Göttingen; a year must elapse before it can be published there; and the president, with a laudable desire that its contents should not remain sealed from the scientific world till the expiring of this period, obtained leave of its learned author to make it immediately publick through the Royal Society. It would be venturing too far to give an epitome of this paper from a first reading:—the author expresses his conviction that results in magnetism may yet be obtained as perfect as those of the most delicate astronomical inquiries; he describes his apparatus, and is satisfied with its correctness; it is not subjected to the disturbing influence of a too near approach.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

FEB. 6th.—Lord Bexley in the chair. The secretary read a dissertation on the origin of the primitive sphere of the Greeks, by Isaac Culmure, Esq. It is well known that the principles whereby Sir Isaac Newton endeavoured to remodel ancient history, rest on the description of what is usually denominated "the primitive sphere of the Greeks," furnished by the astronomers Eudoxus, Aratus, and Hipparchus, combined with a tradition preserved by Clemens and Diogenes Laertius, that the sphere was constructed for the use of the Argonauts by Chiron and his contemporary Museus,—a tradition which is at issue with the evidence of all sober history, and altogether confuted by the fact of the adoption of nearly the same system of asterisms by all civilised nations, from the remotest antiquity. Newton, as well as his opponents, Souciel, Bedford, &c. determined, however, to see nothing but "the history of the Argo and her gallant crew" delineated in the heavens, have therefore identified the ages of the sphere and of the voyage of Jason—the former at the expense of history, and the latter at that of astronomy. History refers this famous expedition to the middle of the thirteenth century before the Christian era; while the description of the sphere answers to the state of the heavens about the middle of the tenth. To the latter age Newton accordingly lowers the voyage of the Argo, and assumes this as a basis for the general shortening of ancient chronology; while Souciel and Bedford, rejecting the evidence of astronomy, raise the sphere to the historical age of the expedition.

The place of the colures being spoken of by Hipparchus as the middle of Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn (i.e. the 8°, or middle of the constellations), the opponents of Newton have assumed, to support their theory, that the middle, or 15°, of the signs is to be understood—a difference in time of four to five centuries. Mr. Culmure, however,

proves, both from the coincident voice of ancient writers, and from astronomical calculation, that the 8° was the place of the colures in the sphere of Eudoxus. There Endoxus himself placed them, in the fourth century n.c., as Columella informs us. There also they were placed by Meton and Euctemon a century earlier, and by Sosigenes, Mamilius, Columella, Ovid, and Pliny, during the two centuries which immediately preceded and followed the Christian era. It follows that, whatever was the source of this original sphere of the Greeks and Romans, it was adopted by both nations, without any regard to the changes in the longitudes of the stars. The tenth century n.c., to which calculation refers the coincidence of the sphere, with the celestial phenomena, is a complete blank as regards Grecian history and science—and this blank descends below the Olympic era, n.c. 776. Newton accordingly admits that between the Argonauts' era and the time of Thales, about n.c. 600, we know nothing of the state of Grecian astronomy. This chasm in the records of science extends to 350 years according to Newton; and to about twice that time if we follow his opponents; both parties nevertheless assume the observations of Chiron, the traditional author of the sphere, to have been preserved and transmitted during the whole of it, with perfect accuracy.

The present writer consequently takes his stand at the dawn of Grecian astronomy, in the days of Thales, and proceeds to shew that this philosopher obtained his knowledge of the heavens, in Egypt; and that his pupil, Anaximander, was the constructor of the earliest Greek sphere of which there is the remotest historical trace; the labours of Anaximander being continued by Clearchus, and soon afterwards adopted by Meton and Euctemon, as above. We are thus directed to Egypt, as the source whence Thales imported his knowledge of the sphere; and to that nation Herodotus, and all sober historians, refer the *origines astronomicae* of Greece. But the Egyptian elements of science could not have been brought into Greece earlier than the first international communication; and this intercourse is known to have begun, with the arrival of the Carian and Ionian auxiliaries in aid of King Psammetichus, about the year n.c. 672, a little before the birth of Thales.

What then was the state of the Egyptian sphere in this age? We find that the latest definition of it, of which history has presented any account, was that by King Necho the Wise—the immediate predecessor, except one, of Psammetichus—the limits of whose reign fall between the years n.c. 686 and 672.

Mr. Culmure shews, that, according to principles developed by him in a previous memoir, the Egyptian colures intersected the 8° of the cardinal signs, from the year n.c. 676 to 676—an interval coincident not only with the reigns of Psammetichus, Necho, &c. but with the greater part of the lives of Thales and Anaximander. And that this was the last correction of the sphere of Egypt, appears from the fact, that Sosigenes the Alexandrian, who assisted Caesar in the reformation of the Roman calendar, 600 years later, still placed colures in the 8° of the signs. It follows that the state of the Egyptian sphere, and that of the Greeks and Romans, was identical, from the age of Thales to that of Pliny; and that the origin of the latter has been at length demonstrably detected, to lie on the

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
THE Earl of Munster in the chair.—Sir A. Johnston presented several specimens of the

Malagasy, or Madagascar language; comprising portions of the Scriptures, prayers, and hymns; some reports of the Natural History Society of the Mauritius; and a Journal, privately printed, of an excursion in the valley of the Setef river, by Lieut. Mackenzie, of the Bengal Cavalry. Mr. James Atkinson presented a portrait of Lord Munster, which he had painted for the Society. Several other donations were made. Colonel W. M. G. Colebrooke communicated a series of Observations on the Pearl Banks in the Gulf of Manar, on the N.W. coast of Ceylon, by Captain Stuart, the master-attendant of Colombo: the paper commences with an account of the formation of the beds, by the adhering of the oysters to the coral rocks, and describes the process of diving, equipment of the divers, and their vessels, &c.; concluding with remarks on the causes of the comparative failure of the fisheries since 1814. The paper is accompanied by a copy of the amulet given to the divers to preserve them from sharks, by the shark charmer. It is stated that one diver will bring up from 1000 to 4000 oysters in a day; and as many as sixty-seven pearls have been found in a single oyster; but it is not certain that every oyster contains pearls, and those which have them are not esteemed for eating: a bushel may be purchased at Aripo for less than a bushel of oysters can be bought at Faversham or Colchester.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JAN. 31.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. The secretary read a continuation of Mr. Rickman's paper on the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in France. This part principally applied to the windows, and a particular description of the flamboyant style of tracery noticed in a former portion. He was surprised at the immense quantity of ancient stained glass preserved entire in many of the buildings, and observed that the groinings of the roofs were much less elaborate and ornamental than in England, on account of the greater height of the French buildings, which required a good telescope to examine the roofs minutely. Mr. Rickman, in conclusion, considered, on a comparison of our ecclesiastical structures with those of France, that ours possessed generally far better specimens of the purest styles of architecture. Mr. Kempe communicated a description of some stained glass in the windows of West Wickham church, in Kent, presumed to have been placed there by Sir Henry Heydon, the founder of the church, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The paper was accompanied by seven drawings by Mr. Swaine, of figures, richly coloured, and possessing considerable grace in the outline and draperies, and the letters H. A. conjoined, in old English, the initials of Sir Henry Heydon and Anne his wife. Some observations on the paintings, by Mr. Swaine, were added to Mr. Kempe's description. A part of Mr. Hawkins's communication on Greek coins, collected by Mr. H. P. Burrell, and mentioned the previous week, was read.

FEB. 7TH.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair. Mr. Robinson exhibited drawings of the ground-plan and architectural details of a crypt, discovered in making the necessary excavations under the choir of York Minster, for its restoration after the late fire, accompanied by a description. This crypt appears to have been the work of Archbishop Roger, who in the year 1121, began to rebuild the choir, with its vaults, after the destruction of the cathedral by accidental fire in 1137. The building is

entirely unconnected with the superstructure, and is considerably narrower than the present choir, commenced by Archbishop Thoresby in 1381. Part of the masonry is much more ancient than the present crypt, and part of the wall is evidently Roman, having the appearance of a Roman cella; thus affording another instance of the frequency of Christian places of worship being erected on the foundations of pagan ones. A further portion of Mr. Burrell's descriptive catalogue of Greek coins was read.

FEB. 13TH.—Lord Aberdeen, president, in the chair. As a sequel to Mr. Denne's late interesting communication on the Dræconium, at Carnac, Mr. Britton exhibited an extensive collection of models and drawings of Druidical temples at Stonehenge, Avebury, Silbury Hill, and other places, and of the Cromlechs of Chun Quoit and Trevelvy Stone, in Cornwall, and several others. If we understand correctly, Mr. Britton intends presenting this fine collection to the Society. A further portion was read of Mr. Burrell's Catalogue of Greek Coins, communicated by Mr. Hawkins.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

EXAMPLE, says the proverb, is better than precept; and in the belief that this is true, we have always had much pleasure in holding out to imitation to others the practice of those who patronise and encourage our native school of art, by purchasing pictures at their exhibition. The following list shews what has already been done at the British Gallery; and, as the stewards at charitable and public dinners often state, we shall be very happy to exhibit a list ten times as long.

Pictures sold in 1833.

Subject.	Artist.	Purchasers.
The Countess of Montfort presenting her infant Son to the Monks of Rennes	James Stephanoff	Painted by the command of Her Majesty.
A Girl with Fruit	A. Fraser	Lord Northwick.
A Highland Sportsman	Ditto	Ditto.
The Sibyl	George Hayter	His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
Fruit	G. Lance	Duke of Bedford.
Highland Game	E. Landseer, R.A.	Ditto.
Fishing-boat coming ashore	C. Fielding	Marquess of Lansdowne.
The Watering-place	T. Woodward	Sir M. White Ridley, Bart.
A Fox on the Watch	Chas. Hancock	Ditto.
A Sketch	H. Wyatt	Wm. Wells, esq.
A Soldier	E. Landseer	Ditto.
The Mourner	Chas. Landseer	Ditto.
Black Cock and Gray Hen	E. Landseer	Ditto.
Geese	Ditto	Ditto.
Pheasants	Ditto	Ditto.
Rheas	Ditto	Ditto.
The Barber	General Phipps	
Coast Scene, with Figures	W. Shayer	Robt. Vernon, esq.
The Vanquished Venetian Warrior during the Carnaval	G. Lance	Ditto.
The Young Poets	Wm. Etty, R.A.	Ditto.
Peasant	Ditto	Ditto.
Playmates	Ditto	Ditto.
"Fair laugh thy mourn," &c.	Ditto	Ditto.
Some on the Grand Canal, Venice	R. Pritchett	Sir F. Freeling.
Column of St. Mark, Venice	Ditto	Ditto.
A Scene in the Danish Prison, Rome	T. Roads	
Cattle on the Bank of a River	J. Downton, esq.	
The Young Poets	E. R. Lee	
Hawking	H. R. Bridger, R.A.	
A Scene from Goethe's Faust	E. Landseer	Certwight, esq.
A Vessel making for Harbour	T. von Holst	E. L. Bulwer, esq.
	C. Fielding	W. Beckford, esq.

AMANDA.

Artist.	Subjects.
J. G. Middleton	Dorothy
Wm. Shayer	New Bridge, Tavistock
W. W. Bus	Soliciting a Vote
Wm. Derby	Hannibal's Return
Wm. Kidd	The Gardener's Dinner-hour
F. R. Lee	Sands at Saltfleet, Lincolnshire
J. Constable	The Interesting Question
W. Gill	Blind-man's Buff

Subjects.	Artists.	Perchance
Dorothy	J. G. Middleton	— Fairie, esq.
New Bridge, Tavistock	J. Tingcombe	Waugh, esq.
Soliciting a Vote	W. Shayer	Perkins, esq.
Hannibal's Return	W. W. Bus	Ditto.
The Gardener's Dinner-hour	Wm. Derby	Ditto.
Sands at Saltfleet,	Wm. Kidd	Ditto.
Lincolnshire	F. R. Lee	Newberry, esq.
Doll Scare	J. Constable	R. Ludgate, esq.
The Interesting Question	T. Uwins	
Blind-man's Buff	W. Gill	Gritter, esq.

Boomerang in the British Museum.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

[Third Notice.]

No. 15. *Driving a Bargain.* T. Webster. On referring from the catalogue to the picture, we confess we expected to meet with a bit of mischief, or some whimsical prank, so frequently the characteristic of Mr. Webster's works. But no, it is simply what it professes to be—"driving a bargain;" and all who recollect the value of a schoolboy's penny will laud the lad's endeavour to get the most for his money; the more especially, as there is nothing of selfish greediness in the attempt. The benignant smile with which the apple-woman regards the youthful diplomatist, and the fixed attention of the two urchins who are so deeply interested in the success of his negotiation, are admirably depicted. No. 17. *The Widow.* by the same artist, is beautiful in character and sentiment. The fair mourner's melancholy appears to be for a moment diverted by the sports of her children, who are blowing bubbles; a well-chosen incident, significant of the empty and fleeting pleasures of life.

No. 34. *A Visit to the Harem.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—In the choice of her subject the fair artist has no doubt been influenced by the feminine grace and splendid costume, which afforded such an excellent opportunity of displaying the powers of her pencil. In these we think she has been entirely successful. The chiaroscuro also is managed with great skill.

No. 158. *The Gamekeeper going round his Trap.* G. Hancock.—Mr. Hancock has entered into the true spirit of the sport, perfectly suiting the action to the character, and exhibiting throughout that strict observation of nature, without which all works of art, and especially in this department of it, are valueless.

No. 52. *The Sands at Saltfleet, Lincolnshire.* F. R. Lee.—We select this from various admirable productions by the same artist, as showing the consummate skill with which he has produced a very difficult effect in art with the simplest materials. The serial perspective, and the far-extended distance, have never been surpassed by Claude, or any of the other great masters of landscape.

No. 59. *Highland Game.* Edwin Landseer, R.A. No. 70. *Fruit.* G. Lance.—Here are two pictures brought nearly into juxtaposition, the joint qualities of which exhibit all that has ever been accomplished, and, we opine, all that can ever be accomplished, in skilful execution, or in brilliant display of colours. In the first, we find the most elaborate dexterity of pencil employed on the feathered tribe; in the second, the highest finish and absolute reality are imparted to the produce of the empliar and hot-house. Placed as they are, the eye may pass easily from the one to the other, and find in both matter of delight and admiration.

No. 112. *Maternal Affection.* George Pattem.—The purity of tint in this clever performance is entitled to much praise. Such, however, is the disinclination in this country towards "Holy Families," or any subjects of that description, that we must seriously dis-

shade Mr. Patten or any other artist from advancing his colours at the head of so forlorn a hope.

No 128. *Calais from the N.W.* John Wilson.—This is a class of art in which Mr. Wilson usually excels; and we do not remember to have seen a more striking proof of that excellence than in the performance under our notice. Sober in tone, yet striking in effect, the stamp of perfect truth is on it.

No 119. *Dorothea*; *vide Don Quixote*. J. G. Middleton.—A favourite and oft-repeated subject, in which youthful beauty and romantic disguise combine to interest. In the present instance, taste, brilliant effect, and lowliness of character, unite to render the work highly attractive.

(To be continued)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gallery of Graces, No. II. Tilt. The sentiments of Joy, Faith, and Sorrow, all delightfully embodied; but the mourning beauty for our money. This is really a charming publication. Messrs. Wright, Boxall, and Stone, have shewn exquisite taste in the designs; and Messrs. Ryall and Hopwood (especially the former) extraordinary ability in the execution of the plates.

Gallery of Portraits, No. IX. Knight. With the exception of an expression of great thought and penetration in the countenance of the celebrated constructor of the Eddystone Lighthouse, there is nothing very striking in any of the three portraits.—Somers, Smeaton, and Buffon—which illustrate the ninth number of the *Gallery of Portraits*. We were much amused with the tail-piece of the number. It is a spirited and admirable representation of a lion and a leopard stealing upon an unconscious group of milder animals, and licking their lips at the delicious feast they have in prospect.

Illustrations of the British Magazine. We have seen several of the recent illustrations of this periodical publication, which have been very pleasingly executed.

Tombleson's Views on the Rhine. Edited by William Gray Farnside, Esq., Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12. Virtue.

We can only repeat our surprise at the cheapness of this little publication. The last No.

contains a long panoramic map of the Rhine,

from Cologne to Mayence.

Tombleson's Views of the Thames and Medway. Edited by William Gray Farnside, Esq., No. I. Tombleson and Co.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the work which we have just mentioned, the proprietors has been induced to commence that under our notice. In speaking of the Thames and the Medway, he justly observes,—"Though the scenery on the banks of these rivers does not possess the grandeur and sublimity which adorn and beautify those of the Rhine; nor can the chick-coming fancies be excited, and indulged in legends and romance; yet the opposite feelings are powerfully brought into action, by contemplating the tranquil and pastoral scenes that on all sides present themselves, aided as they are by numerous remains of high antiquity, intimately allied to the earlier history of our favoured island." The illustrations in the first number consist of Views of St. Paul's, and of London Bridge; and are very respectably executed.

Mathematical Abstraction. Painted by Theodore Lane, engraved by Robert Graves, Moon, Beys, and Graves. *Entertainment*, Pooh Theodore Lane. Humour, undebased by personality, is so rare a quality in the productions of the pencil, as well as in those of the pen, that we can ill spare any of its public contributors. This little design is exceedingly entertaining. It represents a philosopher at breakfast, so profoundly immersed in one of the problems of Euclid, that having popped his watch into the saucer—where no doubt it is already done—he is gravely sitting, with the egg carefully balanced in his hand, until it may occur to him that the necessary three minutes and a half are nearly expired. The very ornaments on the mantel are grinning with delight at his error. The plate is prettily engraved; and will, we dare predict, be highly popular.

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of last Saturday, with a few additional remarks. In the present version, we have the whole of the songs, including those in the Appendix, amounting, altogether, to five or six more than are ever given at the Italian Opera. The only part omitted is the solo and chorus following the fiery catastrophe, it being perhaps concluded that the fizzling of the worthy hero of the piece needed neither note nor comment even from Mozart himself. However, we could not help regretting this omission, though we fear the audience did not. The singers all deserve high praise, for one thing especially,—adhering faithfully to the text, and abstaining from any vulgar frivolous flourishes. Brasham executed the music of his part with great purity of style, and without any of those loud bursts which sometimes shock the ear of taste in his theatrical performances. Nothing could be more beautiful than his simple and expressive manner of singing the serenade "Deh vieni." H. Phillips is an excellent *Leporello*, both vocally and dramatically. Mr. Templeton would make a very good *Ottavio*, if he could manage to avoid singing flat; some of his best songs were spoiled on Tuesday by this defect. Surely he has talent enough to conquer it by a judicious mode of practice, and thereby to attain that rank in his profession which his other merits (among which is a remarkably clear and distinct articulation), entitle him to. Mr. Seguin, in *Masetto*, sang well, and acted with much spirit. Madame de Meric's finished and energetic performance of *Donna Anna* was a great treat. Mrs. Wood, as *Zerlina*, acted very efficiently, was excellent in the concerted music, and sang "Vedrai Carino" beautifully. Her other songs were, some of them, but *so-so*; however, as she abstained from her besetting sin of flourishing, and was only guilty of one little *roulade* the whole evening, we are not disposed to be hyper-critical upon them. Miss Betts executed the difficult music allotted to *Elvira* in a correct and finished style, that must add greatly to her musical reputation. The addition of so many first-rate performers for the orchestral accompaniments of this opera was a very judicious proceeding, and indeed indispensable to the proper production of it. In conclusion, we hope that a familiarity with *Don Juan*, as it is now performed at Drury Lane, will do much to improve the musical taste of the play-going public, and that simplicity and genuine expression will soon be as much admired by them, as meretricious ornament and noise have heretofore been. Of the translation of the songs we have little to say; but that little, knowing the difficulties which attend the task, is the highest praise,—it adheres very closely to the original, and has the rare merit, in English, of singing well—the words go smoothly with the music.

"In 1800, Mr. O'Keefe, being reduced by blindness and other misfortunes to a state of great embarrassment, obtained a benefit at Covent Garden theatre, and, at the end of the performance, he delivered a poetical address, in which humour and pathos were very happily blended. The printed works of this lively writer are as follow:

"Tony Lumpkin in Town, &c. 8vo. 1778; Son-in-Law, 1779; the Birth Day, 8vo. 1780; Omnia, p. 8vo. 1783; Prisoner at Large, cr. 8vo. 1783; the Toy, cr. 8vo. 1788; World in a Village, com. 8vo. 1788; London Hermit, cr. 8vo. 1793; Wild Oats, cr. 8vo. 1794; Life's Vagaries, cr. 8vo. 1795; Irish Minstle, (mus. enter.) 8vo. 1795. In 1798 the following were collected and published: Alfred, a drama, 8vo.; the Basket-Maker, mus. enter. 8vo.; a Beggar on Horseback, farce, 8vo.; the Blacksmith of Antwerp, fc. 8vo.; the Castle of Andalusia, com. opera, 8vo.; the Care Peter, disto, 8vo.; the Doldrum, fc. 8vo.; the Farmer, fc. 8vo.; Fontainebleau, com. opera, 8vo.; Le Grenadier, pantomime, 8vo.; Highland Reel, com. opera, 8vo.; Little Hunchback, fc. 8vo.; Love in a Camp, fc. 8vo.; Man-Milliner, fc. 8vo.; Mid-land Antiques, fc. 8vo.; Poor Soldier, com. opera, 8vo.; Positive Man, fc. 8vo.; Sprigs of Laurel, com. opera, 8vo.; Tambours Rogues all, fc. 8vo.; Wicklow Mountains, opera, 8vo. Besides these pieces, the author has produced many which remain in the hands of the proprietors of the theatres as stock plays."

DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

THE audience being silent and attentive at the fourth representation of *Don Juan* on Tuesday, we had an opportunity of entering more particularly into the merits of the performance; and the result induces us to fulfil our promise

At last *La Belle (Duverney) au Bois dormant*, (but whether the sleeping *Bois* is Mr. or Mrs. Wood we cannot tell), has been produced; and the spectacle been very favourably received. The bails, after their French dormant, tell us that "the system of orders is altogether abolished;" which has puzzled the public, as it did not know, however there might previously have been a profusion of orders dispersed occasionally to fill a house or prop a piece, that there was any system in the practice; and did not take the joke of its meaning, that a system of disorder was introduced instead, and the stall-row substituted for the free admissions. That also is, however, happily abolished, and room left for peace and harmony. The story of the bails is our old and admired fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty, arranged by Auber;

* In last Saturday's *Gazette* this name was misspelt.

and needs not our elucidation even for the nursery, far less for mature and cultivated readers and play-goers. It is in truth a splendid thing, and on a subject where the reason is not revolted by the *dramatis personæ*. We are not familiar with the actions of fairies, spirits, princesses who sleep a century, and princes who keep time with them, genii, water nymphs, naiades, imps, *et hoc genus omne*; and, therefore, the more and the better they dance we admire them the more, and like them the better. Our only critical objection is, that the ballet occupies too much space for the boards of Drury-Lane: two hours of an evening! but then, to be sure, they are not stolen from what ought to be the national entertainments: these had vanished long ago. Taken by itself, it is truly a splendid and striking affair; got up with every accessory which can render it attractive. The new dancers, Miles, Duverney, Augusta, and Ancellin, and Messrs. Silvain, Anthole, and Paul, acquit themselves to admiration; the music is appropriate and delightful; and the scenery most admirable. In the panoramas, Stanfield has surpassed himself: we have seldom witnessed aught upon any stage to be compared with, nothing to excel it. Surely John Bull will become the best judge of dances and dancing in the whole world; the competition in legs is now carried to its height.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday the ballet of *Kenilworth*, transported from the Italian Opera House, was performed as a first piece at this theatre, and fully sustained the honours of the national stage; for the dancers were half foreign, half native—and Vinings, Paynes, Turnours, O'Bryans, and Simpons, alternated with Leroux, Guerinet, Gouriet, Guerponts, and Emiles. The piece is well known from its frequent performance in the Haymarket, where it was in its proper place; and it is a curious example how much depends upon the association of ideas, that we liked it so much less, or disliked it so much more, at Covent Garden, on whose boards we have seen productions of another kind, and actors of another description. A ballet here seems to acquire new and overwhelming accessions of the ridiculous; but *Kenilworth* was never fit for that species of entertainment, either here or elsewhere. History and Scott have precluded that possibility; and though Guerinet could prolong his pirouette ten times over, and Chavigny, Proche Giubilei, or Adele, display twice as much as they do, it would only add to the incongruity of the scene. It is indeed a droll thing to see toe-pointing, heel-kicking, whirling, skipping, and balancing, employed to express love, loyalty, gratulation, welcome, and apprehension. The Earl of Leicester of our conception is a haughty politic nobleman—almost a match for the queen herself—and more than a match for any body else. When, therefore, he comes bounding and hopping in, we experience a shock of surprise; but when he treats her majesty with a *pas seul*, it becomes *beyond measure* ludicrous. There is the gallant and haughty earl, with his gartered knee, and starred breast, swinging away like a bad politician, first on one side and then on the other; now poking his pump almost into Elizabeth's wondering face, and now astonishing her with a statesman-like salutation up to the moon, to ascertain how the tides will affect the Armada, and back again. The poor queen seemed to be perfectly bewildered; the brave Lord Keeper leading the braws, on occasion, would have given her no idea of

such everlasting gyrations. Independent of the absurdity of the thing, and viewed merely as an act of dancing and gesticulation, the performances of M. T. Guerinet (*Leicester*), of Leroux (*Amy Robart*), and of the other principal characters, was deserving of great applause. In the *pas de trois* which introduced Chavigny and Adele, they both exerted themselves successfully; and the splendid scene of the queen's landing at Greenwich seemed to reconcile the audience to every anomaly. The ballet has since been repeated several times. The pantomime has been laid aside during the week, in consequence of the illness of little Poole: we cannot but feel that this clever child is far too severely tasked when made to play every night in the *Smuggler Boy* and in *Puss in Boots*—not only much exertion, but two late hours to be compatible with health, especially when exposed to all the draughts of air and other inconveniences inseparable from a theatre.

ADELPHI.

THIS prolific and amusing little theatre, always on the search for novelty of some sort or another, now burlesque, now a serious and affecting drama, and now a happy mixture of both, brought forth on Monday another of those entertaining pieces for which it is so celebrated. It is founded on Cooper's well-known novel of the *Bravo*, of which the principal scenes and characters are preserved. It is extremely well got up; the scenery, which is mostly from the Annuals, is very well painted; and the last scene, the Giant Stairs, is particularly good, and had a striking effect. Yates as the *Bravo* was excellent; it is a capital study. The same remark may apply to O. Smith as the old fisherman, both as to dress and acting. Mrs. Yates has a slight part, but, as she always does, she made it extremely interesting. Mrs. Honey deserves similar praise. Reeve, Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, were each good in the lighter parts; and altogether, when a little more polished up, the *Bravo* promises to be a lasting favourite.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Court Garden, Jan. 31.—The simple fact of the occurrence of an *avoidsable accident* should, methinks, insure its non-recurrence; but, as often as I have seen *Nell Gwynne*, the curtain on its final descent has been caught upon the top of the king's box, hoisted up again, and dangled up and down again and again, while Miss Taylor remains encoring her curtains. One night, to facilitate the descent of the curtain, the royal party were all thrust out of their seats, and their box dragged away from them by carpenters.

Coburg, Feb. 1.—In a piece called *The Whistler*, a principal actor hid himself in a closet on perceiving the approach of a foe; a rumpus at this period arose in the gallery—the foe entered—and the other forthwith coolly reappeared, traversed the stage, and made a silent exit, but was afterwards discovered again in his hiding-place; he had, on the *Bassanio* principle, “to do a great right done a little wrong,” and sacrificed the illusion of the scene for the purpose of sending a policeman to quiet the riotous divinities.

Strand Theatre, Feb. 2.—Miss Kelly still indulges in little impromptus, and varies her actions as impulse or accident may suggest or require. In aiming an arrow at *Mrs. Partisan's* eye, she generally hits some other part of the scene. She on this evening, at the close of her

performance, confessed that she did not yet feel *au fait* to giving the due effect to her whole performance. To my great regret, I find she designedly omits the story of the maniac, which was certainly one of the most, if not the most striking point in her reminiscences. I must call your and her attention to a terrible little anachronism, of which of course she is not aware. She tells a story of a *Mrs. Miffy* and an old spinnet, which occurred many years ago, when she, Miss K., was starring in the provinces, yet makes *Mrs. M.* say, that on the said spinnet she has played all the music of *Masaniello!*

Drury Lane, Feb. 5 and 7.—The stall-rows! Mr. Bunn's acting on these occasions was very unrehearsed and very droll. The first night, *Don Juan* began no less than three times. The clamour totally drowned the overture—the curtain rose. Phillips began to sing, and was driven from the stage. Mr. Bunn appeared, made a speech, and restored silence. Mr. Phillips re-entered, and again commenced the opera, when the audience suddenly remembered that they had not heard the overture, renewed their riot, and Mr. P. was again forced off, the curtain was lowered, the overture repeated, and Mr. Phillips having once more recommenced, the opera was allowed to proceed. But this was nothing to the next night, when the opera was thrust in the faces of the rioters till it was considered impossible that they would insist on its recommencement; namely, to the middle of the first act; but, *credite posteri*, though the performers had positively forced their way down to *La ci darem la mano*, they were at last obliged to yield; and the curtain being lowered, the whole business recommended again from the first note of the overture, so that they did not reach the second act till ten o'clock. There is a comet in the pantomime here, which judicious children, who are told of the coming comet, are anxious to see, that they may form some idea of what they are to expect; but the last time I saw the pantomime here, it was anything but a *coming* comet, for it would not perform one inch of its aphelion, nor exhibit one spark of its tail; the provoking phizzing which was heard aloft being the sole intimation that it had been lighted at all.

VARIETIES.

Compensating Pendulums.—M. Henry Riber, pupil of Breguet, has, by availing himself of the well-known quality possessed by the wood of the fir-tree of preserving its length unaltered in all changes of temperature, and confining a rod of this wood in a metal box, the expansion of the bob correcting that of the tube, succeeded perfectly in making a pendulum, uniting all the requisites of a good compensator, and at the same time simple in its construction and form.—*Acad. des Sciences*.

The Wind.—The high and gusty state of the wind was curiously exemplified during the night and morning of Wednesday-Thursday, by the extinction of many of the lamps. At one time the street from St. James's church to Down Street was nearly in total darkness.

English Travellers.—A correspondent writes to us, under the date of Dover, Feb. 6, that Lord Lowther and Mr. Hellyer landed there last night, after a rough passage from Calais, from a six months' tour through great part of Europe. When their carriage was examined at the custom-house, a portmanteau of the learned gentleman's was found to be filled with journals and collections. As few men leave their own to examine other countries with a

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deeper knowledge and more intimate acquaintance with the institutions of the country which he quits, or knows better how to make use of the opportunities which present themselves; it is greatly to be hoped that the fruit of so much inquiry will not be confined to private use alone.

Mr. Monk Mason.—This gentleman has passed his final examination with great honour to his character. It appeared from the statement of accounts, that in his unfortunate speculation in the King's Theatre he had lost £1,317. Had his exertions to delight the public been as judicious and successful as they were liberal and extensive, the result would have been different. His receipts for the season were, Italian Opera, 33,583. 18s. 6d.; French, 3,522. 10s.; German, 10,555. 12s.; Miscellaneous, 2,277. 18s. 4d.; total 54,929. 19s. 11d.: expenditure 66,526.; the German cleared about 4,300.

St. Albans' Abbey.—Another meeting was held on Wednesday, with the view to stimulate the public subscription for the repair and preservation of this venerable structure. It was stated by the Bishop of London, that only 2,356. of the £7,000. absolutely necessary for the purpose had been raised and applied; but hopes were expressed that the remainder might yet be obtained. When we read statements of this kind, of calls for voluntary gifts to bear the expense of national expeditions, or prevent the fall of the noblest monuments of national antiquity, we almost wonder at our condition, as one of the richest and most enlightened countries in the world, destitute of means to provide for these imperative objects. The prostration of St. Albans' Abbey, or the death of Capt. Ross and his companions in consequence of neglect, would not only be a disgrace to government and the legislature, but to civilisation and humanity.

M. Latreille, the celebrated French naturalist, died on the 6th at Paris. His death creates a vacancy in the Academy of Sciences, and the professorship at the Museum of Natural History.

The Weather at Florence; Jan. 22.—A remarkable peculiarity of the weather here this winter is its extreme dryness. Instead of the deluges of rain which might naturally have been expected after the drought of the summer, we have scarcely had a thorough rainy day the last four months: the wells are still almost all dry, and the Arno lower than in summer. This may be a very serious affair, if we have not a rainy spring to drench the soil, which is still dry as dust a little way below the surface.

Competition against Ireland.—A new tuberous root (the newspapers tell us) has been successfully introduced into this country from Chili: it is called the *Oxalis crenata*, (which we hope to see translated into Creneto e. Potato,) bears a yellow flower, is ornamental to the garden, and as an edible, superior to the staple food of the Irish pigs and paupers.

In the common council, "Mr. Deputy Death expressed his sorrow at the loss of Alderman Waithman."

The grim King of Terror, destroyer-in-chief, strikes Waithman, and plunges the City in grief: Alas! when the principal staves one's breath, How vain the confidence of Deputy Death!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.
Captain Alexander is about to publish the narrative of his recent travels in America and the West Indies, under the title of *Transatlantic Sketches*.

The *Exile of Idris*, a German story, in Three Cantos. A new and enlarged edition of Sir Richard Phillips's

laborious volume entitled *A Million of Facts*, is announced for speedy publication. The same gentleman is also, we learn, engaged on a *Dictionary of the Arts of Life*, embodying all that science has effected for these arts since the publication of the books of Salmon, Smith, Imison, and others, in the past century.

Mr. Letich Ritchie, we hear with pleasure, is dramatising his interesting and powerful tale, *Schindelhannes*.

Piotzian, or Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi, with Remarks by a Friend. A second series of Essays, by Mr. Elias" Sennons, by the late Rev. Richard Watson. *Sketches in Greece and Turkey, ending in the Autumn of 1833, with Remarks on the Present State and Future Prospects of those Countries.*

A General View of the Geology of Scripture, by George Fairholme, Esq.

Digest of the Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, on the Renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England, with Strictures.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday. 31	From 25. to 36.	29.46
February.		
Friday. 1	27.	29.34
Saturday. 2	26.	29.46
Sunday. 3	35.	29.44
Monday. 4	35.	29.60
Tuesday. 5	45.	29.79
Wednesday. 6	40.	29.64

Prevailing wind, S.W. Generally cloudy, with frequent rain; a little snow in the afternoon of the 31st ult.

Rain fallen, -8 of an inch.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday. 7	From 40. to 53.	29.62 to 29.73
Friday. 8	41.	29.71 stationary
Saturday. 9	39.	29.56
Sunday. 10	37.	29.20
Monday. 11	40.	29.24
Tuesday. 12	36.	29.41
Wednesday. 13	39.	29.30

Prevailing wind, S.W.; very boisterous, especially during the night of the 13th.

Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, 1 inch, and -75 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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